

U3 P152 2. 7/4  
A  
COLLECTION

Of WELSH

TRAVELS

AND

Memoirs of WALE S.

CONTAINING

- I. The BRITON DESCRIB'D, or, a *Journey thro' Wales*: Being a pleasant Relation of D—n S—r's Journey to that ancient Kingdom, and remarkable Passages that occur'd on the Way. Also many choice Observations, and notable Commemorations, concerning the State and Condition, the Nature, Humours, Manners, Customs, and mighty Actions, of that Country and People.
- II. A trip to NORTH-WALES, by a Barrister of the Temple.
- III. A Funeral Sermon, preach'd by the Parson of Langwillin.
- IV. The WELSH SCHOOL-MASTER, by Dr. K—g.
- V. *Muscipula*; or the *Welsh Mouse-TRAP*, a Poem, in Latin and English.

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The whole collected by J. T., a mighty Lover of Welch Travels.

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L O N D O N: 1741

Printed for and Sold by J. TORBUCK, in *Clare-Court*, near *Dairy-Lane*; and also by most Booksellers and Pamphlet Shops in England and Wales.

COLLECTION

OF WELSH

TRAVELS

AND

MEMOIRS OF WALES

CONTAINING

I. The History, Description, and Situation of the Kingdom of Wales, being a plain Relation of its Extent, Limits, and Remarkable Places, and the several Kingdoms, Princes, and Lords, who have reigned there, from the first Settlement of the Britons, to the present Time. Also the History of the several Princes, and Lords, who have reigned there, from the first Settlement of the Britons, to the present Time. Also the History of the several Princes, and Lords, who have reigned there, from the first Settlement of the Britons, to the present Time.

II. A Description of the several Princes, and Lords, who have reigned there, from the first Settlement of the Britons, to the present Time.

III. A Description of the several Princes, and Lords, who have reigned there, from the first Settlement of the Britons, to the present Time.

IV. The Welch Language, as it is spoken in the several Princes, and Lords, who have reigned there, from the first Settlement of the Britons, to the present Time.



Printed and Sold by J. Thomas, in Great Court, near the Temple, and also by most Bookellers and Stationers in London and Wales.

LONDON


Printed for and sold by J. Thomas, in Great Court, near the Temple, and also by most Bookellers and Stationers in London and Wales.





T O  
WILLIAM MYDLETON, Esq;  
High Sheriff of Denbighshire.

S I R,

 *S it is natural for Persons, who have labour'd under Misfortunes, and particularly of a similar Nature, \* to have a fellow-feeling for each other, I flatter myself that, as an Instance of this Disposition, you will favour this Address with your Notice, and not think it a Reason, for denying the following curious Collection of Travels the Honour of your Patronage and Acceptance.*

*The most learned Clerks have always thought it highly for the Honour of themselves and their Works, to prefix some great Name to them, (as they frequently tell us in their Epistles of this kind*

\* Mr. Torbuck was confined in Newgate, last Sessions of Parliament, for publishing the Debates of the House of Lords and Commons, in 9 vol. Octavo.

## D E D I C A T I O N.

kind) tho' perhaps they had no other Motive in Reality than that, which I frankly own, was the Occasion of this to you.

And, considering the Interest I have in it, what greater Name could I have thought of, that could so effectually have promoted It, as that of a Person, who has so eminently distinguish'd himself, as the worshipful High Sheriff of Denbighshire: A Name that shall last as long as the Journals of the British Parliament, and the Annals of the British Nation; and be delivered down to all succeeding Times, as an Example of publick Justice, the Terror of Venality, and the Awe of all future Returning Officers. As this cannot but be of great Emolument to your Country, suffer me to congratulate, rather than condole with you, upon your Confinement: And give me leave to suppose, however hard-hearted your Neighbours of Denbigh may think of you, that you will find some Consolation in contributing, tho' sorely against your Will, to the Utility, to the Virtue of Posterity.

To make a Virtue of Necessity, is a Part of Prudence that you should not want; and therefore I flatter myself, that you are as well reconciled to your present Place of Abode, as you can be: And as a farther Motive to comfort you, you may remember, that if the Design of carrying a Majority, Omnibus viis & modis, had taken Effect, what Favour might not a Sheriff have expected, who had acted with so much

## DEDICATION.

*much Audacity and Vigour in the Service of his Honour.*

*Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris & carcere dignum  
Si vis esse aliquis.*—————

*As you cannot fail of being of singular Use, in recommending these Sheets to the Curiosity of the Publick, so, be pleased to be assured, that I wish your Merits may never want their due Rewards. I am, with all possible Regard,*

S I R,

*Your most Obliged*

*And most obedient Servant*

J. T.



DEED IN WITNESS WHEREOF

the said parties have hereunto set their hands and seals at the County of [illegible] State of [illegible] this [illegible] day of [illegible] 19[illegible]

And the said [illegible] has hereunto set their hand and seal at the County of [illegible] State of [illegible] this [illegible] day of [illegible] 19[illegible]

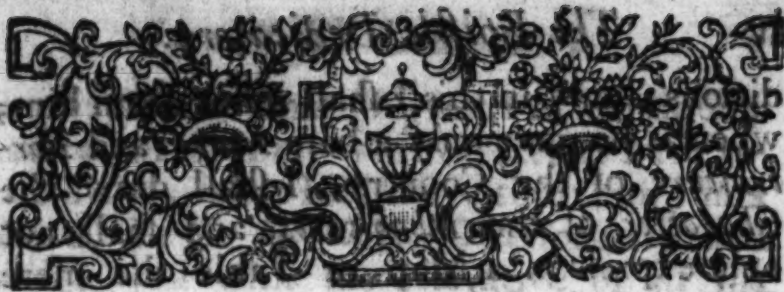
I, the undersigned, being of lawful age and of sound mind, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original of the within and contained therein, and that I am a competent and qualified person to do so.

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Test my Office

Notary Public in and for the State of [illegible]

J. T.



T O  
 Sir *Richard Wenman*, *Baronet*.

S I R,



HAVING had the Honour to  
 be employ'd in a *Negotiation*  
 between an *English* Gentleman  
 and the Ancient Britons, I was  
 not only upon the Borders, and  
 (as it were) the Limbs of *Wales*,  
 but have travelled through the very Bowels  
 of the Country. In which Journey there did  
 salute me so many Occurrences worthy of Ob-  
 servation, that I could not forbear a Descrip-  
 tion of them, and presenting you with the  
 (as I may say) *Wallography* of my Voyage.

I make bold to imitate one *Alexander* of  
*Greece*, who still, as he went *dragooning* about  
 the World, described the Wandering, and  
 (as it were) the \* *Tom Coriatism* of his Expe-  
 ditions;

A 2

• *Tom Coriat* was a whimsical Traveller, who, in King  
*James's* Time, beat upon the Hoof about two or three thou-  
 sand Miles, and returned home as very a Coxcomb as he went  
 out. See his *Travels* call'd his *Crudities*.

ditions; only in this I shall differ from him; whereas he gave only a bare *Image* and *Portraiture* of the Country, I shall draw the *Character* of the *Inhabitants*, and shall not only express in a Map or Table the mere *Picture* of the Place, and tell you that here stands *one* Town, and *twenty* Miles off stands another: But my Design is to give you a Narrative of what I observed concerning the Nature of the Soil, and of the *Inhabitants*, their Original, Persons, Diet, Apparel, Language, Laws, Customs, Policy, &c.

But what need I go so far as *Macedonia* for a *Pattern*, seeing we have so many *Precedents* at home? For one tells us in *Folio*, that he hath been at *Constantinople*; another that he hath been at *Vienna*; a third, that he hath been in *Spain*; and why may I not tell the World in *Octavo*, that I have been in *Wales*? When a Fellow hath either a *Maggot* in his Pate, or a *Brecze* in his Tail, that he cannot fix long in a Place; or perhaps, when he hath *entitled* himself by some Misdemeanours, either to the Pillory or Gibbet, to *disinherit* himself of his deserved Right, he *flirts* into *Holland*, or is transported into some foreign Country; where, conversing a little while, he thrusts into the World the History of his Adventures, he *varnisheth* over his Banishment, with the Name of Travels, and stiles that his *Recreation* which was, indeed, his *Punishment*, and so dignifies a Ramble by the Name of Journey. He tells what *Wonderments* have  
surpriz'd



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

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surpriz'd him, what *Fragments* of Antiquity have amazed him, what Structures have ravish'd him; what Hills have tir'd him; in a Word, he is big with Descriptions, and obliges you with the Narrative of all his Observations and Notices; seeing every one, almost, that hath but *untruss'd* in a foreign Country, will have his Voyage recorded, and every *Letter-Carrier* beyond Sea would be thought a *Drake* or a *Cavendish*: I thought with myself, why may not I have the Liberty of relating my Journey, and of communicating my Observations to Mankind. I must confess, my *Pilgrimage* was not far, but perhaps it was *checquered* with as great Variety, both of Pleasure and Peril, as a longer Progress; neither are my Remarks very solemn and stately, but yet they were such as gratify'd my Curiosity, and pleased my Humour, as well as the Observations of longer Journals. Such as they are (Sir!) I humbly crave Leave to devote them to your Perusal, as the most signal *Testimony* of that venerable *Esteem* I have for you. I wave your *Panegyrick*, and forbear to rhetoricate, or to *descant* in your Praise. You are too *copious* a Subject even for the most *transcendent* Oratory. I like not to display your personal Accomplishments, which are so eminent and conspicuous already in the World. I know an Attempt of that Nature would be too great a *Violence* to your *Modesty*, and I am sure too hard a *Task* for my *Capacity*. My  
present

present Business (Sir!) is to put this little Book into your Hands, and to desire you to honour the Author in accepting, and to divert yourself in reading of it; for, possibly, you may find so much *Comedy* in this *Walk*, as may dispose you to smile away an Hour in the Perusal of it. The Relations are not common and ordinary, and perhaps as pleasant as they are rare and unusual. I do not know that any Traveller, jogging in the same Road, hath given the same Account of Things, or hath made the same Descriptions which I here present you with; so that my Remarks are *spick and span new*, and if they are *ridiculous*, they are not unlike the Persons upon whom they are written. For the *Welsh* People are a pretty odd Sort of Mortals, and I hope I have given you a pretty odd Character of them, and so think I am pretty even with them for Oddness. A *Taphy* is observed to be a *trickish* Animal, that hath a Vein of *Jackpuddinism* running thro' all his Actions, and therefore I thought it not improper to sprinkle here and there somewhat of the *Blue-Jacket*, and to *Merry-Andrew* my Progress a little farther, as I went, with jocund Observations, that the *History* might be agreeable to the *Matter* it treats of. So that if a *Welshman* is a *Jest*, as all the World account him a living *Pun*, a walking *Conundrum*, and a breathing *Witticism*; then have I made one Joke upon another.

I am

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*      vii

I am not insensible that Papers of another Nature and Complexion are more agreeable to the *Character* you bear in the World; *Machiavel* and *Malvezzi*, or some Discourse of Maxims of *Policy*, would be a more suitable Subject for your Contemplation: But (Sir!) I pretend not to instruct you for the *Parliament-house*, but to divert you by the *Fire-side*.

Now, for the Conclusion of all; if there are any good Things in *Wales*, the Enjoyment whereof is worth the wishing you, I pray Heaven to crown you with the Fruition of them: But possibly it may be a Province not much crowded with Blessings; may you therefore flourish in the Affluence of good *English* Mercies; may you always possess good *English* Riches, Health and Honours, and all other Happineffes and Prosperities of our own Nation!

*I am,*

*(Worthy Sir!)*

*Your*

*Very humble Servant.*



# The Epistle Dedicatory.

I am not insensible that Papers of another Nature and Complexion are more agreeable to the Character you bear in the World; Machiavel and Malaxai, or some Discourse of Maxims of Policy, would be a more suitable Subject for your Contemplation: But (Sir) I pretend not to instruct you for the Improvement, but to divert you by the

Now, for the Conclusion of all; if there are any good Things in Wales, the Enjoyment whereof is worth the wishing you, I pray Heaven to crown you with the Favour of them: But possibly it may be a Province not much crowded with Blessings; may you therefore flourish in the Assistance of good English Mercies; may you always possess good English Riches, Health and Honours, and all other Happinesses and Prosperities of our own Nation.

Wm. Jones



**T H E**  
**Briton Described:**

**O R, A**  
**Journey thro' W A L E S.**

**U**PON the First of *June*, having taken leave of my Friends, and received a Message, a little tiny Errand to be uttered by Word of Mouth, together with a Letter to be delivered into the Hands of one of the most Reverend Taphies, I began to have some Thoughts about *rigging* myself out for my intended Voyage; and to that End, I spatterdash'd my Legs with a Pair of Cuckold's Boots, and either adorn'd or furnish'd my Hand with a batrooning Cudgel; and having entertain'd in my Retinue a whole *Distick* of Spaniels,

Upon the Fourth of *June* I turn'd one Side upon *London*, and the other towards *Wales*, the Country which was to be the Period and Term of my Journey. We travelled all that Day with much Pleasure,

sure, being treated, as we went, with the *Delicacies* of Nature: The Air was *kind* and *soft*; the Fields were *trim* and *neat*; the Sun *benign* and *cherishing*; the whole Creation was *obliging*; and, from every Thing we met, we received a *Civility*; so that this first Day pass'd over with much Satisfaction. I do not remember that we saw any thing remarkable, unless 'twas a Fellow driving a *tir'd Cow*, whose slow Motion he now and then quicken'd by wringing the *Pendulum* of her Tail, and (as it were) curling it into a Screw; he *twisted* her forward, and bor'd the Air with this living *Augre*; methought a very pretty Trick, to make a Wimble of his Beast, and a handsome Way to insinuate her along, and to improve her Pace. 'Twas far beyond the Courtship of a Wisp of Hay, in regard *Fear* urges more than *Flattery* can allure, and all Creatures are more ready to ease their *Backs*, than to fill their *Bellies*: Ohow Scorpions, pretty crabbedly applied, will make a Thing caper, and increase his Career far beyond the *Temptation* of Cake and Marmalade! and a Cat of *Nine-tails* will drive better than a Dish of Sweet-meats can invite and draw. This was the Method the Bumpkin us'd to advance the *progressive Motion* of the Animal; which indeed is far different from the Custom and Practice of the *Croatians*; for whereas this Man made his Beast proceed by thrusting at *one End*, the Tail, they make their *tir'd Jades* jog on by putting at the other, the *Fore-top*. We began to subscribe to *Cartesius's* Opinion, that Animals were Engines; for, 'tis like, the *Clock-work* of the Cow was somewhat disorder'd, and the Machine (like a Jack) was run down and stood still, till this Artist wound it up, and set the Movements a going.

Being indifferently refresh'd by the Virtue of that Passage, we went forward very courageously, and, after a little Time, were presented with the Prospect



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pect of another Scene, which was laid in a Meadow by a River-side, where we overtook a *Rat-catcher* and a *Fisherman* disputing Precedency, and the Pre-eminency of their Professions. The *Rat-catcher* argued, that his Calling was more worthy, in regard the Object of his Art was a *vocal Creature*, whereas that of the *Fisherman's* was *dumb* and *silent*; besides, *Rats* are educated in Courts and Palaces, are more choicely bred, and have a more delicate Diet than *Fish* to feed on; plentiful Reversions of *Roast* and *Boil'd*, luxurious Fragments, and the magnificent *Ruins* of *Pudding* and *Pasty*, are their common Dishes; only sometimes they pop on a Piece of *Bread* and *Butter*, not of so wholsome a Relish, that is, a little *Arsenick* spread for them on the *Trencher* of a *Chip*; these are the *Viands* of this domestick *Vermin*; whereas *Worms* and *Flies*, and vile *Insects*, and perhaps a *Hook* to boot, are the best *Fare* that is eaten by *Fishes*. The *Fisherman* replied, that *Fish* themselves were Food for Men, but it was never known that *Rats* were in Season, unless in the *Extremity* of a *Siege* or *Famine*.

We left these Fellows very hot in Controversy, which could not be decided, and pass'd on, till at length we arrived to a little Knot, or *Asterism* of Houses standing, or rather lying, on the *Crump* of a Hill, rais'd somewhat proudly above the ordinary Level; and, methought, look'd down with somewhat of *Disdain* upon the humble Vallies. Who was the Founder of this *Hamlet* is not certainly known, but we perceiv'd the *Thacker* had been a great *Benefactor*. As for the *Nativity* of the Place, the Foundation was laid under an unfortunate *Configuration* of the Heavens; so that the *Tinkers* and *Cobblers*, and the Dregs of Mankind that dwelt there, expected not Prosperity, nor hop'd to be advanc'd and sublimated into the *Flower* of the People. The main *Stress* of Government lay upon the *Shoulder* of

#### 4 *The Briton Described; or,*

a single Man, who was a *Bear-ward* by Office, and, being the most substantial Person, was thought fit to be *invested* with the sole Authority of the Township; a most proper Magistrate for such wild Savages! We observ'd that this Village had as many Ways *into* it, as it had Ways *out* of it, which were equal in Number to the Points of the Compass. The *parling* Brook that crawl'd by it, the *reeking* Dunghill that breath'd within it, the *crook-back'd* Elm that stands *cringing* near it, and the *Pack-saddle* Steeple that stood *squinting* over it, made a pretty Draught of an handsom *Landskip*.

The Inhabitants of this Place were much addicted to the Vice of *Stealing*; every thing *sticks* to their pitchy Fingers, and they have such an *attractive* Virtue, that where-ever they come, all Things trot after the Magnetism of their Persons. A Fellow squatting upon a Cricket, in a Room we were in, and rising up from his Seat, the Stool on a sudden (as if tack'd to his A—t) immediately march'd after him, to the great Amazement of the Woman of the House, who did not suspect that his *Bum* had *Hands*, or that her *Stool* so nimbly could have us'd its *Legs*. Another espying a *Cylinder* of Bag-pudding, pretty thick in the Waist, lolling upon the Table, whilst the Hostess turn'd her Back, in the very *Twinkling* of her Head, *pocuss'd* it into Fob, and so shrowded its Dimensions into a second Bag.

The *approaching* Night, and our wearied *Limbs*, compell'd us to lodge among these Tenements; having almost *worn* out ourselves by tedious Travel, we resolv'd here to repair our *Breeches*: but, alas! this *mending* (I allude to *Taylorism*) was little better than meer *Botching*. For, whereas we thought to have renew'd Nature, and to have recreated our Palates with the pleasant Wholsomeness of *Rural Delicacies*, we could scarce so much as even patch her  
up

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up with the *burden Accommodations* of a red-lettic'd Inn; the *Foretop* of a Carrot, and a few parch'd Pease, were our choicest Provender, which filled our Cavities so full of Wind, that we thought we had got the *Four Quarters* in our Bellies, which made such *Squibs* of our Breeches, that (like the Fifth of November, we were continually discharging of *Rockets* and *Crackers*.

The next Day dress'd with *Aurora*, nay, before she had put on her *Indian Gown*, we set out with the Sun, who, bearing us Company but a little while, withdrew into an Apartment behind a Cloud, at whose Absence the Heavens, *frowning* and contracting their Brows, did presently fall a crying, and wept such plentiful Showers of Tears, that they moisten'd our Skins with the *Deluge* of their Grief: But that which terrified us most of all, was *Water*, which we saw of several Colours, sometimes red, and sometimes black; which put us in mind of those *prodigious Rains* the Philosophers speak of, *Blood* and *Ink*; but overtaking a *Collier* and a *Red-Oker Man*, we perceiv'd 'twas the *Distillations* of their Budgets. But that which gave *Wings* to Time, and made it *fly* merrily while we were in the Company of these Vagrants, were the frequent *Quarrels* that were *broach'd* between them, which, at length, were improv'd into severe *Buffetings*. The *Object* of both their Occupations lies hid in the Earth, and they work like Moles, whose Employ is *under-ground*, and (like a certain Fish) they take their *Colour* from the Place they converse in. The Collier thump'd, with *Tinstoring-Fist*, the red Man black; and the red Man dy'd with *Vermilion Blow* the black Man red; so that we never saw before such a *Party-colour'd Combat*, such a *Fool's-coated Conflict*, wherein the stout Champions were so mutually disguis'd, that they seem'd to be *Amphituo'd*, and to be wholly transform'd into each others Person.



After another Day's Travel in Dust and Sun, we saluted a good handsome Town, not a little resembling in Crookedness a middle-siz'd *Shoeing-Horn*; at the Entrance into it, the *Uncarpetness*, as I may say, of the Floor, or, in other Words, the *Unevenness* of the Streets, somewhat dislocating the Position of our almost tripp'd-up Feet, had like to have demolish'd us, and to have thrown us down backward; but to prevent the *Solecism* of kissing the Place at the *wrong End*, we recovered our Fall, and went bolt upright into the *Naval* of the Corporation, where there was such an *Assembly* of Provision as represented a Market, which was unhappily disturb'd by an unfortunate Accident; for a *certain Bull*, of an *uncertain* Man, having mistaken his *Box*, and taken *Pepper* in the Nose instead of *Snuff*, and being inrag'd and heated by the Virtue of the *Spice*, took a risk about the Cross, and emptied by his Ramble all Stalls and Panniers; so that this *brisk Customer* made a scrambling Kind of Dinner for the whole Country, who was riding upon one another's Backs for Viands and Booty, and was tumbling among the *Ruins* of Bakers, Victuallers, and Confectioners. We were inform'd that this Town was much infested with the unwelcome Visitants, *Rats* and *Mice*; insomuch that the Inhabitants have a *Rat-catcher* at a certain Pension, as the only *Talisman* against such noxious Vermin.

Having left this Town behind us, we came to a *Wood* on our Left-hand, nigh unto which was a discontented Fountain *murmuring* as it run (we did not enquire at what) and *bubbling* forth seemingly much Dissatisfaction. This Wood was a *promiscuous Rabble* of all Vegetables. A *Throng* of Trees of all Ranks and Qualities; we refresh'd ourselves a little under this natural *Arbor*, and being pretty chearful in this Circumstance of Place, one of our *Caravan* began to express his Joy in some Notes of Musick,

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Musick, who, as soon as he began to strike up with his *Pipe* (thinking he had but one) he presently perceived it to be multiplied into an *Organ*, and wonder'd (with the Bumpkin that pull'd at the Bellows) that he had so much Harmony in him. For you must know, hereabouts dwelt a Thing called an *Eccbo*, who, as soon as she heard but *Sol*, *Fa*, whipp'd, she improv'd the Melody into a *Noise* and *Concert*; and presently increas'd those single Notes into the whole *Gamat*; and most neatly play'd the *Wag* with the *Tail* of his Voice; being a very pretty *Songster*, that sings well by the Ear. But while *Lug* was solac'd with the rattling *Reverberation* of Voice, our *Eyes* were ravish'd with a most delicate Prospect, for here was a most pleasant champion Piece of Ground, which, extending and roaming itself some Furlongs in Length, was furnish'd with all the *Excellency* that ever commended the most transporting *Elysium*; the Air was lullaby'd, as still and quiet as dormant Infant; the Day was orient, bright, and clear; the Earth, like a Forester, was clad in Green: The Figure of this Field was a *Parallelogramum*, the Stile was situate South-East by North, and consisted of a *Climax* of three Rails, over which we convey'd ourselves by *Elevation of Leg*; near the Entrance into the Meadow, we observed an Hole or *Casement* in the Hedge, which we perceived the Hogs had oftentimes *threaded*; but the Hedger had *glaz'd* it with a *Pane* of Furz.

Having ambled over some Furlongs on this, as it were, *Newmarket Heath*, we perceiv'd it to degenerate, and to grow worse and worse, and, like an handsome Neck of Mutton, to determine in the Unevenness of a Rock, or Scrag. A little while after we winded a *Cordwainer*, who (as he told us) was newly recover'd from a sad *Mischance*; for, walking carelessly, one Day he happened to have a Fall, and to *squat* his Breech upon an *Hedge-bog*,

which he carried away as cleverly (it clinging to his Buttocks) as if he had sat upon a *Ball* of his Wax ; whether there is a Sympathy between a *Shoemaker's Tail*, and the Skin of and *Urchin*, or whether the *Bristles* of the Creature enter'd the *Pores* of his Backside, we list not to decide that Controversy now ; but, however, the Mortal complain'd that it was an uneasy *Cushion*, and that that *Spinny* of Awls had made a *Cullender* of his A— : But being not much concern'd at the *Cerebrosity* of his *sievy* Bum, the *ilet-holes* whereof being not very deep, we went together, till we arrived to the *Roughness* of the foremention'd Downs, which did somewhat decline into an uneven *Precipice*, whose craggy Stairs, as soon as we had descended, we stumbled upon an House, or a Dunghill modell'd into the Shape of a Cottage, whose outward Surface was so all-to-be-negro'd with such swarthy Plaister, that it appear'd not unlike a great Blot of Cow-turd : This Structure straddled over about eight Ells of Ground, above the Surface whereof the Eves were advanc'd about two Yards, and the Chimney peep'd out about a Foot above the Eves ; the Light flow'd in through the *old Circumference* of a bottomless *Peck* : which, being struck in the Thatch, supply'd the Place of an *Orbicular* Casement. The Door-Way was a Breach in the Wall towards one End, which being of a dwarfish Size, *i. e.* two Foot lower in Stature than an ordinary Man, we were forced to abridge our Dimentions, and to creep in. The Parlor, Hall, Kitchen, *i. e.* one Room within, was prettily adorn'd with the *Poetry* of *Ballads* ; a *crippled* Pipkin with a broken Shin, near allied to a Dish of the same Matter ; a *vocal* Spoon with a Whistle at the End ; and a *tippy* Cradle reeling in the Corner, methought, were a pretty Sort of Goods, and not unhandsome Furniture. A whole Litter of Children was *screw'd* upon the Floor ;



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Floor; only one *Mop-headed Boy* was *trips'd* on a Cricket, and blew the Fire; the carv'd Mantle-tree seemed to be defended by a little *wooden Fellow*, furiously strutting in an *Oaken Cloak*: And we perceiv'd the Window was *andors'd* with the Picture of a Fly. We observ'd that the *bulky Cupboard* was a Nuisance to the whole *Family* of Household-stuff, which it had mightily disobliged by entrenching on their Liberties, they grudging it so much Room; and indeed the Table, Bed, and other Utensils have not suffer'd a little Detriment by its injurious *Contiguity*. We had a Prospect of whole *Territories* about this Building, which, though not large, yet were exceedingly well fortified; a little Hedge being a *Pallisado* on one Side, and a narrow Trench, instead of a *Bulwark*, on the other: The *Continuity* of the Mound was *violated* by a *Notch* in the Corner to set a Stile in, over which, when we had pass'd, we espied a Bank like a little *Hybla*, capp'd with a Hive of Bees, which this small *Eden* curiously carv'd, and (as it were) *quincunx'd* into a Knot, did feast with the Moisture of its delicious Flowers. Leaving the *Phylacteries* of this Yard, we met the Good Housewife of this little Tenement with her Tippet *bristling*, her Mouth *mumping*, and her Hands *knitting*; she had a *Cade Lamb* at her *Rear*, attending upon her, and a *Kitten* in the *Van*, conducting her home.

We followed our Noses from hence, and were directed by the *Clue* of a long Hedge; which, after a great Extent in Length, we found to be *ragg'd* with a rough Lane; turning from which, a little toward the right, we overtook a *Church* standing (like an Ace) and moping by itself, at some Distance from the Town; which, whether it run from the Parish, or the Parish from it, we are not as yet informed, though we have most Reason to suspect the *latter*; in Regard as to outward Appearance

pearance, the weak Constitution of the Fabrick seem'd not much to be addicted to run. It seem'd to be very crazy, and had a *Muffler* of Ivy, which, we presume, were instead of Crutches; for, whereas that feeble Vegetable is usually *upheld* by the Walls it clings to, we believe it was the *Buttress* here to support the Walls. But having sadden'd our Aspect with the melancholy Looks of this desolate Temple, we took our Leave of it, and shot directly down a *Balk* upon that prophane Town to which it seem'd to stand related. At our first Salutation whereof, we chanced to pop into a dapper *Ale-house*, mightily stuffed with a huge Hostess, whose Moisture distilling through the Pores of her Body, and being somewhat turn'd thro' excessive Heat, struck our *olfactive* Nerves with so great a Sowerness, that we had quite been overcome with this *Vessel of Vinegar*, had she not too much jogg'd herself by an unhappy Fall, and spilt a great Quantity of her unctious Liquor.

The Shoemaker conjectured that she had lost about five or six Pounds (*Averdupois*) from her *Rear* behind, and presently concluded, that she was in great Danger of hanging all *a-one side*, unless some charitable Person should poize her with Thrust of *assisting Nose*. We had scarce *primed* our Pipes, but in comes a *Law-Jobber*, accompanied with the *Bum-brusher*, or Schoolmaster of the Place, who, after some Time, took Occasion to shew their Skill and Breeding at Fifty-cuffs, but (Thanks to the Stars) without any *Danger* to their Professions; for they did not so much aim at the *Head*, as level their Fury at each others *Heels*, where their Knowledge was supposed not to *lie*, though some hold that they have as much Learning *at one End*, as they have at *the other*. The most remarkable Thing in this Village was a *Carrot-pate* House at the *Posteriors* of the Town; it was covered with Tile,  
and

and was curiously contrived after the *Italian Models*. The Master that did animate, or the *Essence* of this Stone Carcass (they told us) was lately dead: His Distemper was a *Quarrel* between his Belly and his Back; the one being *bursten* took Pet. and run away from the other, so that the poor Man, being at a Loss for a Place to put his Victuals in, dy'd with a Conceit.

St. *Crispin's* Disciple, having a Mistress in this Lordship, and being almost within the *Atmosphere* of her Presence, began to *wind* her, and had a great Tendency to the Place where she was; so that I might as soon expect that a Stone should fall beyond the Center, as that this *gentle Craftsman* should budge further; wherefore nothing was expected now but an immediate *Divorce* from each others Company; but before we parted, he obliged me with the Prospect both of her Person and Fortune. As for the first, as soon as I saw it, I had greater Reason to congratulate my Eye-sight than I had before; for she was bless'd with a most *ravishing* Aspect, and a snug Face, most prodigiously grac'd with a dainty fine Nose fasten'd in its Middle; which is not like some Snouts that look more upon one Cheek, than they do upon the other, but shews equal Respect to both, not at all *disobliging* the Right by *steering* too much on the Left. And then for her Eyes, they are excellent at twining, and will be sure to keep her Nose *safe*. (I'll warrant you) for one looks *one way*, and the other *another*. The Woman had a Mouth too, which was somewhat bigger than that of a Musket, tho' not twice as big as the capacious Bore of the blue Noggin. This Mouth she put but to *one Use*, and that's the same that we put ours to, that is, to eat three or four Meals in a Day; for it seems, whereas other Women often use theirs in *prating* and *twattling*, we perceiv'd that this *sav'd* her Mouth,  
and



and spake through her *Nose*. As we have given you the Picture of her Person, so now let's present you with a Landskip of her Fortune. As for her Lands, that is, Pasture-Ground and Meadow, we could not discern, but that (like a Spot upon the Globe) they took but little Room upon the Surface of the Earth, and (like the Possessions of *Alcibiades*) were but a little Speck to the World. A little Muck would dung her Fallow; one high Table T—— (to speak in the *Oxford* Dialect) will much enrich it, and an Ear of Corn will go near to sow it; 'tis like she hath Grass enough for a Couple of Rabbits. Having survey'd the Paramour, and the Portion of this Nivelling Cobler, after a single Sip of Sixes out of a Tin Pot, and a *Treble* Go-down out of a Cup of *Double*; after a *right Line* Scrape with *left Leg*, and uncouth doffing of a bad Bonnet, after *sinking* a Compliment by Way of Thanks for his Society, attended by his Coblerhood to the Confines of a Yard, at the clasping together of two lowering Gates in the Presence of a *corpulent* and *burly* Elm, I solemnly took leave of my fellow Traveller. After his Departure, I was forced to beguile away the Time in the shady *Solitude* of silent Thoughts, which before I spent in the *brisker* Entertainment of Discourse and Dialogue: I had not long busied my Faculties with inward Speculations, but I met with Variety of Objects courting with their *Flatteries*, my almost distracted Contemplations. I saw *three Stones* so artificially set, that they represented the Figure of a convenient *Stile*. Methought the Architecture of it was very curious; for one Stone, about a Foot square, being placed perpendicularly upright, its Northern Extremity was cross'd by another at right Angles; on the other Side whereof, was erected another Perpendicular correspondent to the former. The Position of these Materials made

made a pretty Fabrick, over which a Man might commodiously pass; its Surface was smooth, not *trufled* with Snags, which are always catching and *snarling* at your Cloaths, to the great *Disguft* and Damage of your Breeches; about two Yards Distance there was a Cross delved in the Earth, which seemed either an Argument of *Popish Superftition*, or a Sign or Mark of the Parish *Selvidge*.

Departing from hence, we mov'd through a Close very *populous* with Mutton; there being (as it were) a whole *Academy* of Sheep *feizing* on a Hay-Rick, not bottled out into Commons, but geometrically carved into good *fenangular* Luncheons. 'Twas Foot-clothed (as it were) with Straw near five Yards about, upon which were tumbling a *Bag-piper*, and an *Hocus*, who wantoned so long till (like Dogs) at last their Play determined in a sharp Conflict. The Man of Musick buffeted the Juggler to *some Tune*, who adding two or three *Howls* to the *Notes* of his Drone-Pipe, by cleanly Conveyance, did vanish from him. The Piper appeared of a tawny Complexion, his *Nose* bending with an Arch upward; his *Eyes*, being somewhat hollow, seemed to increase the *Promontory* of his jetting Forehead. In a Word, there was *Charm* enough in his Aspect; he was well built, his whole *Frame* and *Contexture* was *sweet* and *regular*; I must needs say, I have seldom met with any handsomer *Model* or *Platform* of a Man. But though his *Person* was neat and *uniform*, yet his *Habit* and *Garb* was full of *Deformity*, and there were as many *Solecifms* and *Incoherencies* on these, as there were *Congruities* and *Beauty* commendable in that. He wore a *Miscellany* of Apparel, a *Gallimastry* of Cloaths; as I humbly conceive, it was a *Tytbe Suit*, composed of various and several Sorts; such a *Club* of Rags, and *Rendezvous* of Fragments, must needs be a Collection (like the Jerkin of the Jay)

of

of several Feathers from divers Birds. His Doublet (which indeed was but one great Patch in *Folio*) was very *heterogenous* from the rest of his Attire; he had worn his Lappets into perfect *Fringe* (so that he seemed to be surrounded with the *Remnant* of a Curtain) and had *thin'd* his Elbows into their first *Principles*. It was of a Mouse-Colour Hue, and (as near as I could guess) it appeared to be the *Result* of an old Cloak; both its first *Crop* and *Latter-Math* too were both worn off, and it was so thread-bare that it had almost *founded* three or four of his best Lice; wherefore we advised him to hang it no longer on a *Knave's* Back, but to condemn it to the Housewifery of a Shoe-clout. The Relicks that were left of his tatter'd Breeches were one *Story* pendulous below his Coat. His Instrument (like a Gizzard) was tucked under his Arm, which, by *Shog* of Elbow, he did *bug* into Harmony, and *squeeze* out of its Womb most ravishing Ditties. We made but few Remarks on the Person of the Juggler, only we thought it appear'd to be somewhat *sleathy*; his Noddle was shrowded under the *Patronage* of a colloped Hat, whose *indented* Margin, being somewhat frail, declined from the Equality of an *horizontal* Position, and flapping inward on both Sides, and hugging his Ears, forced the poor Man to look as it were through a *Spout*. He had a Bunch of Ribbond in his Hand, which possibly might be the Effect of his last *Vomit*; for we suppose, having had a Surfeit of Silk-worms, and a *Loom* in his *Throat*, he can *disgorge* more at a Cast, than an ordinary Weaver can work in a Week's Time. His little *Pointing-stick* and Tin Dishes, with other Implements of his Art, made an horrible Noise and *Combustion* in his Pocket, even to the Terror and Amazement of an *Humble-Bee*, who was rioting on the Luxuries, and was wantonly *basking* on the sunny *Terrace* of



of a magnificent Thistle. Nay, the Jingling of his Tackle did alarm an Army of *Wasps* and *Hornets*, which lay *encamped* hard by under the Roof of a shady Furz-bush; these made such an Onset on Horus with their *Landsprizades*, that making a *Pin-Cushion* of his Body, they stuck it so full of Needles, that the *Pungency* of their Weapons and *Artillery*, piercing to the Quick, made the poor Fellow curvet and elevate himself nimbly into two or three dancing *Capreols*. He carry'd on his Back as thick a *Quickset* of Stings as a Hog of Bristles. He was swell'd to a treble Proportion beyond what he was; his *Hands* were grown too big for his Pockets, and could have no Reception into those narrow *Closets*. The *Circumference* of his Head was hugely increased beyond the *Diameter* of his Hat; so that the *Convexity* of the former could not be contained within the *Concavity* of the latter. In a Word, being magnified beyond the *Fallacy* of the best Glass, his Cloaths were too little for his *enlarged* Dimensions; so that he burst through the *Confines* of his *scanty* Case. Means presently were used for levelling of this mountainous Vagrant and Hideswol'n; he was immediately plunged into a Bath of Honey, which, though a present Cure of his Disease and Malady, yet was as great a Cause of an Inconvenience as bad; for a certain *Bear*, not far off, got his Medicine in the Wind, and came galloping for a Lick of her admired Dainties; which, when the Juggler perceived, having lost, through Fear, the retentive Faculty, he adulterated her Dish by a Mixture of somewhat that was of the same Colour, though not so sweet. The Juggler *boof'd* it away with a winged Speed; the Bear, with a Pair up and a Pair down, most swiftly pursued him. We stay'd not to see the Issue of the Race, but advanced forward in regular progressive Motion, who, after

a little Time, were crossed by a Rivulet, which wriggled along with a crooked Current; over which we convey'd ourselves by *Salvation*. On the other Side of the Bank was a little *Arabia* of Sand, enough (I suppose) to supply all the *Hourglasses* in the Country; nay, perhaps, and that of *Time* too till the last Minute: Near this Mountain of Sand, lay prostrate at Length two Iron-Wedges contiguous to a Block in *Folio*, which we supposed was to be rent into Collops, and to become a *Sacrifice* to hungry *Vulcan*. There was a numerous *Family* of Chips about it, which were different in Shape, Colour, and Bigness, so that they seemed not to be the Offspring of the same Parent; they lay in a *Chaos* without any Order; amidst which Confusion, the unlucky *Gibeonite*, that hew'd them, lost the Head of his Ax: The *Decollation* whereof seemed ominous to the Man, and made him superstitiously leave his Work: Myself, and a Couple of *Gadarens*, that were driving Swine, made a diligent Scrutiny for the *Noddle* of the Tool, which, after some time, we perceived to lie entombed under the *Mausoleum* of a good lusty Shaving. We did not perceive that it was much damnified by its Retirement, only the Dampness of its *Urn* did somewhat abate and obscure the Eagerness of its Edge, and the Lustre of its Aspect. We delivered it into the Hands of its Owner, who presently fastened it to the Shoulders to which it did belong.

After a small Offering of Thanks for our careful Search, the Swine-herds turned to the Left, and we wheeling to the Right, after we had jogg'd over some few Acres of a *phlegmatick* and cold Constitution, most happily popped on the warmer Turf of a pleasant Corn-field. It was fringed about with a Mound of Elder-trees, whose ambitious Height and luxuriant Branches gave impregnable Security

to the nestling Birds. The *Diameter* of a Path run through the Midst, whose *Poles* were transverse, or thwarted the *Hinges* of the World. It was environ'd on both Sides with a *Sea* of Corn, which being mov'd by the Breath of *Æolus*, (that Bellows of the World) what a *Flux* and *Reflux* was there of *Waves* of Wheat! We pass'd through this Territory and Dominion of *Ceres*, with the most exalted Delight. How did that *Goddess* sit in Triumph there? What Crowds of *Clients* bowing their Ears to her Commands and Dictates? Every Land was parted with the *Isthmus* of a Balk, on several of which lay the *Habiliments* of the Harvesters; an extended Sleeve of a red Waist-coat, embracing the Collar of a Leathern-Jump, and touching the Hem of a grafted Petticoat, presented us with the Idea of a pretty *Ward-Robe*. We went out of this Inclosure through the Western Passage of a *three-railed* Gate: Upon which there did directly shoot the *aged* Fragments of a *decrepid* Wall; which over-topping our Stature in Height and Tallness, we were forced to add to our Quantity, a Nine-inch Stone, that, raising our Dimensions, we might peep over it. There was scarce any Thing remarkable on the other Side, unless a vast Rolling-pin of human Ordure. It was four Inches Diameter, and, probably, discharged from a *Musquet* Bore, and that near upon the Confines of a Turf of Wormwood, whose bitter Scent, mixed with the Unfavouriness of *excrementitious* Atoms, breathed a medly kind of Stink, and gave but ordinary Entertainment to our offended Nostrils. Among the Ruins of this Mound, we discovered the *Snout* and some other *Limbs* of a *murdered* Dial; it was not so defaced, but that we could discover in its *Physiognomy* some *martyr'd* Figures, that were yet legible, and there were some Relicks of Lines that were not quite obliterated.



Time, I presume (being vexed perhaps that it should observe its Motions) hath set its Grinders in it, and out of *Envy* and *Malice* hath quite devour'd it. I am apt to think that this Pile of Stones stood in its native Country, where it was first bred, as may be conjectured from an adjacent Pillar, whose Pregnancy (we fancy) produced this *Litter* of Stones, it being the Mother of these *rocky Babes*. We advanced to the Orifice of this *lapideous Womb*, where were hewing Mortals, by cruel *Midwifery*, digging out the Offspring of teeming Earth. It was an *unpolish'd* Spectacle, and the Workmen were as *rough* and *uneven* as the Prospect; and the Artificers were as intractable and stubborn, as the Materials or Objects of their Art. Two of the most *brawny* Paviers stood lolling by the Mattock that picked them out, and a single one, in a decumbent Posture, lay prostrate at their Feet, whose Northern Extremity performed the Office of a *Pedestal* to the *Embrio* of a Statue, which was but newly hatched, and fashion'd in a Bed of Sand. The Declivity of a Corner, near the Entrance into the Pit, gave Occasion to the Water to *stagnate* into a Puddle; through which we did not sail, though the Trajection was very short, but fetching a Circuit about its Shore, we went out at the Passage through which we entered. But no sooner had we convey'd ourselves out of this *Hole*, but, after we had traced over some few Furlongs of a *grassy Pavement*, a certain Moiety of our Bodies popp'd into *another*, and, a few Steps after, some of our Feet happened into a third; and, a little while after, falling down, our Hands were buried in two more. We wondered who had punched so many Eyelet-holes in the Earth's Skin, till seeing *Robin Run-a-hole* sit mumping (like a *Troglodite*) in his House under Ground, we perceived the Inclosure, we were in, was a well peopled *Warren*: We had

a Frisk or two after the Inhabitants of the Place; but their *Heels* prevented our Design on their *Scuts*, for the Nimbleness of the *one* secured them from Imposition of *Salt* on the *other*. The *Sanctuary* of their Burrows, defended them from the Violence of all *Persecutions*. Their *Cells* were contiguous, nay, in some Places, they had broken down the Partitions, and, by a frequent *Burglary*, did invade the Priyacy of each others Apartments. The *Dragon* that kept this *Garden* of Conies, was a *Zam-zummin* in Stature, a second *Goliab*, whose Hand was *Quarterstaff'd* with a mighty Beam. They told us of an *Hercules* or two, that came to encounter this Keeper, who ('tis said) did so *out-club* the Yermin, that, instead of an *Auger-hole*, he made them Earth themselves in the Asylum of a *Coney-hole*. The *Burrow* of the Keeper stood near the Centre of his Dominions, being the *Metropolitan* Seat of that little *Nation* of Rabbits. The *Architecture* of the Fabrick was not contemptible, being stately in Height, whose Top was *crowned* with the Magnificence of *Turrets*, whose vigilant Loftiness had an Eye to the Security of the circumjacent Region. The biggest *Wonderment* we beheld about it, was, that its *Head* did not shoot so far *upward* into one Element, but its *Feet* sunk as low *downward* into another, it standing Knee-deep, nay, almost up to the Waist in Earth, having as many Stores under Ground as it had above. Whether the Bucks or Does were the *Pioneers* that dug those Cellars, or whether the Architect design'd them on purpose to prevent the Underminings of those notable *Delvers*, we are not so well able to determine. We espied, in a Corner, a *wooden Stratagem* or two on purpose to entrap, (we supposed) ensnaring Reynard, so that that living *Gen*, so fatal to Pullen, dy'd himself in a *Wile*, and one *Trap* was *trapan'd* by another. It was a well-con-

trived *Ambush*, and pretty handsomely victual'd with a good lusty *Temptation*, which so wrought upon Reynard, that he could not, by any Means, resist its Charms, though it is thought he was as wise a Fox as any in *Æsop*, whom we never met with, without a Piece of *Mortality* tacked to their Tails.

Having pass'd the Bounds of this *Rabbit-Limbo*, it was not long before we were embrac'd within the Confines of a Spot of Ground like an Orchard; for the Ranges of Vegetables gave us a shrewd Suspicion that *Pomona* had had her Residence in that Place. Here *Autumnus* stood lolling under the Pressure of a Burden, being scarce able to bear so many *Wreaths* of Fruit. His Head was crown'd so, that it bow'd with Apples; so that shaking his Ears, as we pass'd through, he did so pelt us with a *Shower*, that the unlading of his *Noddle* made *Fractures* in our Pates, and rais'd *Tumours* in *Sinciput* as big as Kentish Pippins. The Place was pretty *populous* with Trees, the *Squadrons* whereof seem'd to be well disciplin'd, standing in their Ranks, and as it were in *Battle-array*, like a well ordered Army. Here were several Degrees of Vegetables in wonderful Subordination, one under another, from the *Commonality* of Shrubs, to the *Majesty* of a Cedar. Here were *Inferior* and *Superior*, and (as it were) *Dignify'd* Fruit-Trees; among whom there stood a Pear-Tree, I suppose Lord *Primate* of the *Hierarchy*. In a South-West Corner we espy'd a few *vermiculating* Hopes, wriggling like Worms up the *Pyramid* of a Pole; near which stood an Elm-Tree in the *Arms* of Ivy, which hugg'd it so close, that it was almost *incorporated* into it by its *clasping* Embraces. The *Posteriors* of the Elm-Tree were most barbarously *chastis'd* by the Prickles of a Bramble, which the *Breath* of *Æolus* would often move with smart Jerks.



Jerks. One of our Company taking an Oportunity to pass by one of these unseen Briars, they presently had their *Talons*, clawing upon his Back, and frightened the Man as much as the Bush did *Demoiselles*, which, catching him by the Coat, made him (supposing it to be an Enemy) to cry out for Quarter: But the Fellow being *cas'd* in Leather, and the *Buffness* of his Coat being Armor-proof against the Bristles, and (as it were) *Hedgehogism* of their Prickles, they could not fasten their Fangs in his Garment, wherefore (Thanks to his Stars) the Man had no Hurt, but was bless'd with a great Deliverance. Toward the Bottom of this Orchard lay prostrate the Trunk of a slain *Myrtle*, and that not far from the Verge or Shadow of a *Cops* of Beans, pretty tall in Statute, and well branch'd; by the *Coverlets* we saw there should be *Beds* not far off; I suppose they were the *Lodgings* of Carrots, Turnips, and of other Roots. There were *Cabbages* grown to a commendable *Globosity*, the Roundness whereof tempted us to a Game at *Foot-ball*; we banded them about sufficiently, and made some of them caper over a Ten-foot-wall. One of the Gamsters was hit just in the Mouth, the Bore whereof, being too little for the Bullet, could not receive it into its *Orifice*; but, however, it *gelded* and damp'd its Fury, so that it did not retort with Violence to the Injury and Detriment of any body else. We had sweat longer at the Recreation and *Olympick* Sport of *Kick-Cabbage*, had not the Breath of *Cloacina* (her Habitation being near) been so strong, and was a Nuisance unto us.

So that being *struck* out of our *Quarters*, we turn'd our *Quarters* upon the *Stink*, and travel'd over a Grate into a Church-yard: The Track of our Path lay between the *Mansion House* of the *Levite* on the Left-hand; and the *Church* on the Right;

behind which, towards the South, there *stood*, or *lay* (we cannot tell which) a Weather-beaten *Tomb*, which was *Mouse-eaten* at one End by that *Vermin* Time, that nibbles all Things: It seem'd to be an inverted *Hog-trough* turn'd topsy-turvy with its Muzzle downward; but whether it was or not, or whether it was purposely erected as a *Monument* to preserve the Memory of those Ashes that lay under it, we cannot tell, tho' we have some Reason to suspect the former, in regard there were so many Swine a digging about, who, with the natural *Spades* of their Noses, had almost made a *Pit-hole* for the *Stone*, and so had like to have bury'd one *Grave* in another. Here was a whole *Herd* of Swine a rooting, as if they had been turn'd in on purpose to root up *Christians*, as they are in the Fields in *Italy* to dig up *Turfles*. A little *Wall* lay sculking about this Territory of the Dead, which we suppos'd was plac'd there as a *Bulwark* to their Ashes, but it prov'd but a feeble Fence against the Intrusion of the Lambs, who made frequent *Capreols* into this adjacent Dormitory. The Mound was rais'd a little, and capp'd with *Turf*, and environ'd with the Hollowness of a good handsome Ditch; but yet neither *Cap* nor Ditch could keep these Animals from *leap-frogging* over them, from grazing in a *Charnel-house*, and from turning a *Cemetery* of Shades and Ghosts into a *Feeding Pasture* of hungry Beasts.

We mounted this Wall, and mov'd on towards the Western Period of our intended Journey. The bordering Close was *pimpled* with Mole-hills, which seem'd but young *Protuberances* not blister'd into the Bigness of some neighbouring Banks. Leaving this Ground behind us, we descended the Declivity of an adjoining Pasture pretty well *bearded* or *bristled* with Thorns and Bushes; and so pass'd through a Farmer's Yard, where we saw an *Alps* of

of Straw, with Swine (instead of Snow) a groveling a Top on't; which put us in mind of the *Ambition* of Goats, who are always clambering up the Craggs of Rocks. The Western Extremity of the Wheat-Hovil shot directly up the Barn, an *Appendix* to which stood the *Apartment* of the Hogs, over which was *perched* a Roost for Poultry.

Not far from this Country *Tusculum* stood the *Island* of a House in the Embraces of a Moat, like Ticho's *Uranoberg* in the midst of the Sea; an ancient Pile, a reverend *Nest* of as venerable a *Bird*, which having taken her Flight hath left it a Solitude. The greatest Observables were a little silent *Bell* in *Duodecimo*, which, being utterly *dissteepled*, hung between the Collops of an old Wall, or rather a *Mortar* invers'd, which had lost its Pestle, so that it was not vocal by Stroke of *internal Clapper*, but by Knocks and Blows of *external Hammer*. Within the Sound of this Bell stood a lolling *Washing-Block*, being a wooden kind of *Anvil*, where the *She-Vulcans* were *hammering* out, with Battle-Door, the Filth of Linnen, whose unctuous Distillations were the *Nile* that water'd the little *Egypt* of the adjacent Garden.

Having mov'd from this Mansion about three or four Furlongs, we pass'd by the Skirts of a *rotatile Engine*, in Shape not unlike an House, being *pack'd-fall* at Top with a Ridge: It seem'd to stand upon Stilts, and to be a moving Habitation like those of the *Gates*. 'Twas *prefac'd* with a *Portico*, into which we ascended by a Scale of Stairs. The whistling Wind breath'd a *Vertigo* in its Pate, whose Giddiness, communicating a Motion to its Grinders, made it *whirlegig* the Grain into Flower. A little Distant from hence, beyond a small sandy Desert, stood a Village, whose *Steeple* was in its Center, not unlike the *Mast* of a Ship. This Tower, as to outward Appearance, had a



*Portly Person*; Yet they told us it had the Imperfection of Dumbness; it having been *dis-bell'd* for some Years. They were alarm'd to Church by the Report of a *Musquet*, which the Clerk (being an eminent *Gunner*) did usually discharge at every Man's Door. This Clerk was a *Weaver* by Trade, and had Relation to a *Loom*, wherein he had been *ambling* for several Years with one Foot *up*, and the other *down*, and, with all his Treading, hath scarce got Cloth enough to repair the Breaches of his tatter'd Elbows. They told us that his Trade and he had lately been at *Cuffs*, and are just upon parting, it being such a *Limb-wagging* Profession, that he is not able to endure the *Pe-  
rance* of it. This Man had a wonderful Skill in *sweeping* the Church, and, it is thought, could tell what a *Clock* 'twas at the *South* Dial as well as most *Astronomers*; he was also a pretty Man of his *Hands* for *Singing*; for when the Tune one Sunday had *ambled* from him into the Chancel, and had almost caught a Fall among the *Non-songsters*, really they told us that this *notable* Man gave it such a neat Jerk, as that he *twitch'd* it into the Church strangely. Now, I say, for the Clerk to have a rare Knack of securing the *Hymn* from those that would steal it; oh! 'tis an excellent Thing! The most remarkable Things in this Town were an *Ecclesiastical* Wall made of *secular* Mud, which mounded in the Introduction of the Parsonage: It afforded secure Harbour to *Vagrant Bees*, who, rendezvousing here, became a *Colony*; they made so many Cells in it, that it appear'd to be the Fragment of a reverend *Honey-Comb*. Not far from this grew a Tree in *Folio*, an huge, thick, squor Elm, *pounded* within the Circumferences of four Benches, which we supposed to be Seats made on Purpose for the *Posterns* of Spectators, when *Whitsun-Ale* is solemniz'd with *Festivity* of Fiddle, and celebrated with *Caper* after Pipe and Tabor. Imme-

Immediately after our Departure from this Place, Night overtook us, whose *Sables*, eclipsing the Splendor of the Day, shorten'd our Course, and crooken'd our Career aside to look for a Lodging. An happy *Retrospect* oblig'd us with the *Prospect* of *glimmering* Thatch, which, the nearer we approach'd, the more visibly it appear'd in the Shape of an *House*. It was call'd, by way of Irony, a *Castle*, whose Governor was a decay'd *Taylor*, who having lost, through an *unfortunate* Hole of his Pockets, his *Needles* and *Thimble*, those *Chattels* of his Breeches, and Implements of his Vocation, was reduced to Poverty. The Man was *nimble of Foot*, though a *Dwarf* in *Bulk*, so that nine of such might very well club to the *elementing* of a Man. After a small Collation of *Fripe* and *Buttermilk*, we tripp'd up a Ladder to the Apartments of our several Cabbins, where, with the *Poppies* of Sleep, we refresh'd our Noddles, to the great Comfort and Satisfaction of our wearied Carcasses. After Valediction to Pricklouse, the next Morning we set out with the Sun, and had not went above a Mile or two, but we heard the Rumour of a sad *Disaster* which had lately befallen a Country *Corydon*, which was the Loss of a whole Pound of Candles, supposed to be stollen by some *High-way Rat* at one *Robbery*. The Relations were various as to the Manner of the Theft; some say he carried them away behind him, like a *Burden* of Sticks; others say, that he hung them by his Side like *Bandileers*; but most agree, that he laid them upon his Shoulder one by one, and ran arm'd away with the Luminaries as with so many *Musquets*. We were somewhat amazed at the Horror of that sad Story, fearing lest we ourselves should be a *Prey* to those bold *Banditti*, who, being pretty *greasy*, seem'd to be a good handsome *Bait*, and so, being mistaken for *Rats-bane*, might be *pouch'd* by the Vermin:  
But

But (Thanks to the Stars) we escaped the Fate of the *Bishop* of *Mentz*, and march'd on upon the *Forehead* of a smooth Mountain, upon the *Summity* whereof *squatted* another Hill; but it bore no Proportion to the Seat it sat on, being but a *Pimple* to it, as that was but a *Mole-hill* to the whose *Globe*; it put us in mind of *Pelion* clambering upon the Back of *Ossa*, that false Heraldry of the Giants Hill upon Hill, by which Bunches they thought to have scal'd Heaven; the *Crown* of the uppermost was somewhat depressed and sunk into the *Hollowness* of a little Valley, about which stood the natural *Bannisters* of some Thorn-bushes, whose folding Branches weav'd into a *Lettice*, which threaded by the Sun-beams dappled the Ground with a pleasant *Chequer-work*, and yielded besides a good handsome Shade to the panting Sheep, whose Fleeces discovered them to have taken Sanctuary here against the *Persecutions* of the violent Heat; for the Cattle feeding within the Covert, and rushing through the Brake, every Briar took *Toll* of their Coats, and *excis'd* their Backs, as fast as they fill'd their Bellies; on every Sprig there hung a Fragment of their *Liveries*, and the whole Hedge was *cloath'd* with tatter'd Fleeces, as if Wool had been *vegetable*, and had grown there. These *Spoils* were look'd upon as excellent Booty to vagrant Youth, who went about stripping, plundering, and, as it were, *Sheep-shearing* the Hedges: We met a Crew of these *Pickering* Wool-gatherers, the very *Emblems* of Beggary, and but once remov'd from vilest *Rascality*; one Shoe a-piece, and half a Hat, a *Remnant* of a Doublet, and a *Moiety* of a Sleeve, a Pair of *Dispocket* Breeches, and a jagged Jump, were the Flower of their Accoutrements, except two or three Locks of Wool, tuck'd like *Scuts* under their Girdles, as a *Badge* of their



their Profession; and some cramm'd Stockings bobbing at their Sides, as *Trophies* of their Pyracies.

Some few Furlongs from hence there was a *mixt Assembly* of Kine and Goats at Dinner upon the *Lawns*; their Meal was interrupted by the unwelcome Salutes of troublesome Breezes, whose *Stimulation* of Rump did engender such a Frolick, that, with *curled Tail* and *toss'd-up Horn*, they run gadding and bellowing, and with their vocal Frisking, with a pleasant Kind of Terror, did at once both *recreate* and affright the astonish'd Beholders: The Magistrate or *Herdsmán*, that kept these Animals, was in the Midst of the Tumult, who, finding himself miserably involv'd in a *Hubbub*, with furious Club chastized their Gamesomeness, and with mighty Bustling becalm'd the Uproar. This Fellow was a strange Creature, wonderfully *gotb'd*, and *all-to-be-vandal'd*, even to Barbarity itself. A Clown in Grain! An uncultivated Boar! A Beast of the Herd in human Shape! We propos'd a Query or two about the *Genius* of the Place; he told us the Soil was cold and big with *Clay*, and would doubtless yield a good *Harvest* of Tobacco-pipes; and as for the People, he said they were a *Pan-pudding* Sort of People, much addicted to that vile Sort of Creature. A whole Table at a Christening is spread with a *Yard* of Pudding and a *Balk* of Beef, a *Ridge* of one and a *Furrow* of the other, which did so wonderfully work upon their Chops, and made their Mouths so water, that two of the chiefest *Grandees* of the Town, the *Hogberd* and the *Heyward*, fell seriously to snouting for some few Morfels; the *two-ear'd* Pitcher that stood upon the Bench was Mr. *Prinn'd* in the Scuffle, *i. e.* lost a Lug in the Fray; and we were informed afterward, that the *Distaff* lost a Lock or two of its flaxen *Perruwig*.

Among

Among *rational* Wonders, the most remarkable Miracle of this Place was an eminent *Cotquean*, a *meer* Woman in the Habit of a *Man*, a Kind of a *Mal-cut-purs'd* Creature, an *epicæne* Animal of a *twisted* Gender, who hath a *Petticoat* Soul in a *Trunk-breech'd* Body, and scandalizeth *Virility* by Skill in *Houswifery*. He spins (they say) like a Spider, and makes his Wheel giddy by a swift *Vertigo*; we observ'd him to be *stately* in his Gate when he advanceth up to Spindle; and, indeed, was *retrograde* again with no little *Gravity*. He is a learned *Craftsman* in the making of Diet, a notable *Food-framer*, who buffers the Cream till he hath *frighted* it into a Consistence, and knock'd it into Butter, and afterwards squeezes with *Dexterity* of Fist. He was endowed with the Gift of tossing of Pancakes, and had a wonderful Knack at tempering the Materials of a Bag-pudding. He surpass'd the Dairy-maids in *milk-pan* Accomplishments, and was excellently qualified for a Meal-tub Office. He squeez'd the Curds with *Cheese-press* Bum, and kneads the Dough with Fulch of Elbow. He is a *Critick* at sweeping, and manageth the Beesom with mighty Skill. We could hardly discern any Mote of Dust, he having *dislodged* from Crevis even the smallest Atoms; we were dazzled with the *Sun-shine* of his radiant Brass, which was exceedingly enlightened by *modern* Cleansing, he being a singular Scowerer, and very knowing and able at Sand and Oystershell.

This *Hen-Housewife* Mortal lived a Monkish Kind of Life, being cloister'd up in a desolate Habitation of a certain Gentleman, who, we suppose, does see him to dwell there to affright the Mice, and to be a *Bull-beggar* to the Rats; and also to terrify a worse Kind of *Vermin*, which we call *Thieves*, who are apt to creep through the *Mouset-hole* of a Window, and to nibble away the Furniture

niture of a dispossessed House; or possibly he might abide there to repair its Breaches, and to recover it from its Craziness, and, by the wholesome *Physick* of frequent Fires, to keep it in *Health*, and to persuade it not to tumble, but to remain still a Mansion to the Family that owns it.

We tasted here of the Hospitality of this formasculine Wight, who spread a Joint-stool with several Sorts of Viands; which, though not very delicate, yet the Variety might atone and make Amends for their *Meanness*. Here was the *Epidermis* of a Hog, the outward Skin, call'd the *Sword* of Bacon, which was infected with the Jaundice, and look'd yellow; here was the Hull of a Pescod plunder'd of its Pease, and corn'd with Salt, some broken Fragments of Sheeps Trotters *St. Lawrenc'd* on a Gridiron; the Offal of a Lark, the minc'd Spurs of a *bootless* Cock, a skinn'd Quadrant of soft Cheese, well sauced with the *Butt-ends* of forked Scallions, the mouldy Reverision of an *antiquated* Loaf, dipp'd in the Verdure of Water-cresse Pottage, afforded us the Refreshment of a pretty Collation. By the Virtue whereof, being somewhat recruited, we moved forward and crept up the *Brisket* of a small Mountain, upon whose sloping Descent stood a quadrangular *Sheep-pen*, which we pass'd through, and found pitch'd with *Buttons*, a pretty Sort of Floor and modern *Mosaick*. Not far from the most eastern Hurdle (as near as we could observe) lean'd a ruinous Bridge, which gloried in the Passage but of one Arch, and that seem'd rather *natural* than *artificial*; for the Impetuosity of the Current, having bor'd an Hole through an Heap of Stones, lick'd it into the Shape of an indifferent Arch; at the Foot whereof stood a Smith's Shop, about a Bay of Watling; it seem'd to be a pretty reverend Seat, as we gather'd from the Mantle of green Moss upon



upon its Back; though it was cover'd with Stubble *without*, yet it was pretty tolerably furnish'd with Iron *within*, as Thread-bare Horse-shoes, Bits of Keys, some few Semicircles of Iron Rings, odd Links of *interrupted* Fetters, and a broken *Series* of a discontinued Chain. The *Vulcan* was in his Den, and was hammering out Hob-nails for Country Hoof. His Forge was rais'd from the Ground like an *Altar*, upon which there did burn, as it were, a *Vestal* Fire, which Blast of Bellows made much to bubble up in this little *Mongibel*. What Cinders were belch'd from this flaming *Vesuvius*, whose Smoak and Ashes besmatted the *Pluto* in this infernal Region, who having primitive Apparel, *i. e.* being *skinn'd* over with a Case of *Leather*, and having a swarthy Complexion, did, with the *Grimness* of his Aspect, and with the horrible *Ruffel* of his Breeches, fright one of the Dogs of our Company into a Fit of Sickness; we imagined the Cur might mistake him for a *Tinker*, who is commonly a *Disease*, or at least a *Nusance*, to those Creatures.

We saw nothing hereabouts very remarkable, only we met several Mastiffs laden with the Cargo of good lusty Bones in their Mouths; they were ambling Eastward; a very fine Spectacle to see a Regiment of Curs trooping along, instead of *Bilboa*, arm'd with *Shoulder-blades*. We wonder'd at first from whence such Plenty of *Anatomy* as to furnish them, till spying the Carcass of a dead Palfry, we perceiv'd they had been feasted with the Viands of his Flesh, and stole the Skeleton Piece-meal. A Baker chanc'd to come by through a Gap near at Hand, mounted upon just such another *Morsel*, ripe for Collar-maker, which, being surpriz'd with the Spectacle of his Brother *Carriion*, took an Occasion to start, and to disburden himself of his Load; which sad Misfortune prov'd a lucky Accident

cident to the Dogs, whereby they were furnish'd with *Bread* to their Meat.

Not far from hence was a scurvy Slough, most fatal, as is observ'd, to Millers, whom it sups up into the *Abyss* of its Profundity; we saw one moving *a-tit-up, a-tit-up*, till he flounc'd in, and, by a most disastrous *Pitch-pole* into Mud and Dirt, discolour'd his Coat, that was candied with the *Effluvioms* of his meally Bags. The *Necklace* of Bells about the Crest of his Beast ceas'd to be sonorous, being quite choak'd. His Meal, through Fright and Moisture, was metamorphos'd into Pudding; and spunging up the Liquor, it grew so heavy, that it *thriv'd* into such Unweildiness, as that it was almost unmoveable: We cautiously wav'd the Danger of this Dirt by diverting a little toward the Northern Parts of this Quagmire, and so in a dainty fine Path, and that not meanly beautified with Variety of Flowers, we continued our Journey very prosperously, only one of our Company had a most calamitous Fall over an unhappy Clod of the *first Magnitude*, which, undermining his Pedestals, gave him a preposterous *Squob*, his Head saluting the Ground first, to the great Detriment of the *outward Man*. There run parallel with this Path a pitch'd Causey (as we suppos'd) about ten Furlongs; we stepp'd into it, and follow'd its Track till it brought us into the Desert of a Common, not so much as accommodated with Horse, Tree, House or Man, so that here we felt the Rigour of somewhat call'd Hardship, the Stomach barking, the Hoof galling, the Winds whistling and the Heavens dropping; all these conspir'd to make us miserable. At last arriving to the Borders of the Wilderness, we were courteously receiv'd into an hospitable Hamlet, where we enjoy'd the Blessing of an indifferent Refreshment. We took up our Quarters here that Night,  
and

and pass'd away the Evening in some pertinent Queries about Observeables in the Place. They presented us with a pretty *Curiosity*, which seldom occurs, and that was the Copy of a Brief, containing the Losses of a distressed Virgin, which, because the Form and Stile is somewhat unusual, we care not much if we here insert.

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*The Copy of a BRIEF.*

To all Ladies, Gentlewomen; whether Maids, Wives or Widows, or others of that softer Sex, of what State and Condition soever; whether Waiting-women, Sempstresses, Spinsters, Bawds, Punks, Doxies, and all other Petticoaters, from those who through *Wantonness* have naked Backs, to those who through *Want* have naked Bums, Greeting.

**W**HEREAS we are credibly inform'd by our trusty and well-belov'd Roger Thwickwack, of B. in the County of Salop, Jumper, and Arthur Twitchbox, Smoker, Cadwallader Whipwhop, Wrestler, Anthony Snug, Fidler, Giles Firker, Bum-brusker, and several others of the like laudable Professions, That our beloved Subject, Mrs. A. C. of the Town and Country aforesaid, Damsel, hath lately sustain'd a great Loss by a most lamentable Misfortune, which on the Fifth of this Instant most miserably beset her after this Manner following:

There was a certain Glass-case of a Gad-fly Colour, i. e. a little inclining to a Calf-dung Yellow, and somewhat of a dwarfish Size, not much exceeding the Stature of a Cricket; it was supported by the Strength of a double Throng, at the North-West Point



## A Journey through Wales. 33

Point of her Chamber, where, for some Time, it had continued in a pendulous Posture, and had arrived to a great Repute of Civility and Meekness, whereby it did much exceed, and frequently put to the Blush, the other Utensils of her Chamber.

Now, this poor Thing, by Reason of the Rudeness of two lusty Pusses, whether affrighted at their Caterwawling, or it being not able to bear them in the Acts of Love, we cannot tell; but certain it is, it let go its Hold, and, after a dismal Manner, came blundering down, attended with the Ruin and Desolation of several Jiggumbobs, and Fimcracks, to the great Loss and Detriment of our poor distressed Subject. — The Particulars whereof are as follow:

1. The Ivory Gums of a Toothless Comb.
2. A little Bottle-breech'd Glass, replenish'd with Love-Powder.
3. A Brace of blind Needles, that lost their Eyes in the Tumble.
4. A Double Scout of an Hare tied up with a single Pack-thread.
5. The Latter-End of an old Broomstaff.
6. The Butt-End of an old Sugar-loaf.
7. The True-Lovers Knot made in Wire.
8. A square Bit of Tin.
9. The Margin of a broad Hat.
10. One Finger-stall.
11. Two Tags.
12. A crack'd Glass with a Club Foot.
13. The Skin of an Onion stuffed with Arsenick.
14. One Whisker of a Bearded Arrow. —

The Loss of which Tackle and Implements amounting to a Sum of great Value, we do send our Letters Patents to beg the charitable Benevolence of all well-dispos'd Persons, hoping that they will be pleas'd to take the deplorable Condition of our unhappy Subject into their serious Consideration: — For is it not a sad Thing to lose so commodious a Place to lay pretty Things in,

and all by the Misdemeanour of two unmannerly Cats? For where will this our Subject lay her Gally-pots and Syrups, her Gums and Pomatum? Had these Mouſe-hunters only eas'd Nature there, and then gingerly departed, they had been very excusable; but first, to come slyly into a Lady's Chamber, and then to squabble and fall out there, and, in the Midst of their Quarrel, to pursue one another to the Top of a Shelf, and there to renew the Battle again, and to box one another till themselves did fall, and to demolish that very thing which supported them in their Bickering; as the Fool, in the Fable, saw'd off the Bough he sat on. Oh! this is a sad thing.

Another Living Observable, we met with here, was the Fragment of a Physician, whose Pretences to Learning were very great, but by Converse we found him to have more Stomach than Brains, and therefore was like to have more Consolation in a Kitchen, than in a Study; for there, perhaps, he may find a Jobb of Work for his Grinders; whereas he knows not what to do with his Books, unless he should let the Moth, and eat them. One of our Company perceived his Parts to lie more towards the Powdering-tub, than his Pharmacopœia; for whilst he is busy in the Former, he may keep himself Alive, but, when he reads in the Latter, he kills his Patients. We had some Roast-beef to Supper, and we commonly found him within an Inch of the Dripping-pan, with an Acre of Bread in his Hand, which he call'd a Sop, with which, when our Backs were turn'd, he usually spring'd up the Dripping, and cheated Sir-Loin, and robb'd its Knighthood of its due Moisture. A Scholar of our Company perceiv'd him to be well read in Papers, that skreen the Back of a Limb of Roast, and that he found a great deal of Matter in the Socks, that are on the Goals of Mine'd-Pies.

I shall here Present you with a Copy of a Welsh Surgeons Bill. Dr.

*A Journey through Wales.* 35

*Dr. Davey Shones, a Welsh Surgeon, his Bill  
at Oswestrey, for Mrs. Suesanna Madox.*

Sept. 9. 1730.

**F**OR dressing hur mortify'd Elcere } 1. 5. 8.  
upon hur Lege, and clen it from  
Stinkin, with Sprits of Chamfire,  
Tinct. Myrhe, an udder dings pra- }  
per for 49 Tims. 15 Tims it cost me } 3 1 6  
2s. 6d. evry Tim, before I coud get  
the stinking Flefle away, and the oder  
34 Tims —————

For Lancin and Scallin the Boune ———— } 0 10 0

For Ungts. Ols, and Linimt. to anointe }  
the stinkin Lege ————— } 0 7 6

For Pills aurea gilded with Goulde ———— } 0 7 6

For Drams and Cordiolls for hur and hur }  
Companions ————— } 0 7 6

For Lodgen, Care, and Attendance up- }  
pon hur ————— } 1 12 6

For Runnin away, and Hindrin me to }  
have Tim to make hur Cure to Per- } 2 10 0  
fiteon —————

For Envy, Hatred, and Mallis, and ill- }  
will in Spaaking, Uttrin, and Pur- }  
nouncin sevrall Reflexhons, and fuls } 1 12 0  
Stores uppon me and my Hous ————

For brekin my Glas in the Glas Win- }  
dows, with hur Hors is Nos ————— } 0 1 0

£. 10 9 6

After a Day's Journey from hence, we set our Feet upon *Welsh Turf*, and indeed were strangely surpris'd at the *Uncontliness* of many Things that did salute us here.



The Country is *tuck'd* in on all Sides with the Sea, except on the East, on which Part it was *ditch'd* in from *England*, by that notable *Delver* King *Offa*, King of the *Mercians*: Over this Dike if any *Welshman* chance to skip with his Sword by his Side, by King *Harold's* Law, he was to lose a *Branch* of his Body, *i. e.* his Right Arm was lopped off by the King's Officers.

Some think it had its Name from its God-Father *Idwallo*, Son to *Cadwallader*; who, with a small Crew of *Britons*, at the Arrival of the *Saxons*, hid themselves in this Corner. Others suppose them to be the *Spawn* of the *Gauls*, from whom they seem to be but a few *Ap*s remov'd; *Ap Galleys*, *Ap Gauls*, *Ap Wallois*, *Ap Wales*.

As for the *Inhabitants*, they are a pretty Sort of Creatures, which, when we saw, we were so far from *stroaking* them with the *Palms* of Love, that we were almost ready to *buffet* them with the *Fist* of Indignation. They are a *rude* People, and want much *Instruction*: For, when we consider the *Soil* from whence they *sprang*, and the *Desarts* and Mountains wherein they *wander*, we cannot but think that greater Pains should be taken in cultivating and manuring, in disciplining and taming them, in regard it is harder for a *Bearward* to teach Civility to the *Beast* of *Africa*, than to those that come from a more *mannerly* Country:——We do not say, when they are in their Country, they do (like Bears and Foxes) live in Woods and Forests (for, I presume, they have more *Sun* than *Shade*, and so more *Fire* than *Wood*) but if we agree with *Geographers*, and are of an Opinion that they are *Inhabitants* of a *Wilderness*, and are *Landlords* of a Common, as I and every-body else are Owners of the Air, we must beg their Pardon for our Conceit. We have been informed, that they were dug from a *Quarry*, and that they dwell in

a *stony* Land; so that if we compare this Kingdom to a *Man*, (as some do *Italy* to a *Man's Leg*) they inhabit the very *Testicles* of the Nation. And, I pray, what are those but the vilest of Creatures, that breed as well in the *Privities* of the greater *British* World, as those that are hatched in the *Pudenda* of the Lesser? But whether *Welshmen* are the *Aborigines* of their Country, as Crab-Lice are the *Autotribones* of theirs, and proceed only, like them, from the *Excrements* of their Soil, we shall not here dispute. They are of a *boorish* Behaviour, of a *savage* Physiognomy; the *Shabbiness* of their Bodies, and the *Booticalness* of their Souls, and that, which cannot any otherwise be express'd, the *Welshness* of both, will fright a Man as fast from them, as the *Oddness* of their Persons invites one to behold them. Some of them are such *rude* and *indigested* Lumps, so far from being *Men*, that they can scarce be advanced into *living* Creatures; nay, they are such unmanageable *Materials* that they can scarce be hewn into the Shape of *Blocks*; much Labour and Art is required therefore to make them *Statues*.

They are not so much given to *Fighting*, as by a Speech, it appears that was utter'd by hur nown Countryman, who, when drawn out upon some Design, began to *pur* and murmur after this Manner:

“ Hur hath worn out hur Freez *Preeches*, and  
 “ all hur Cloaths; and now hur can get no Mo-  
 “ ney to keep hur, or to buy hur some *Cows-baby*,  
 “ and hur could hear nothing but *Marsh, Marsh!*  
 “ and Drums beat, hur was therefore, once for  
 “ all, now resolv'd to fight no longer, but to  
 “ go into hur nown Country.” — They are much inclined to *Choler*; for hur *Welsh* Flood is soon mov'd, and then hur *stamp* and *stare*, and scrat hur Pole, and vent hur Fury in *uds-plutter-a-nails*, and will fight for hur Life in Battle at Fifty-cuffs.

28      *The Briton Described; or,*

The whole Nation (like a German Family) is of one *Quality*; for as every Lord's Son is a Lord here, so every one is crown'd with the Title of *Gentleman* there; so that hur Country is a good *Pasture* for an *Herald* to bite in, who can't chuse but grow fat among such worshipful *Genealogies*. We were much surprized at the Thoughts of their Rank, and did not suspect so much Gentility among such a People; when we saw so many *Coats* without *Arms*, we could not imagine they had any with them, but fancy'd they had more Need of a *Taylor* than of *Clarentius*, and of a *Pricklouse* to stitch up, and compose their *Breeches*, rather than an *Herald* to blazen their *Families*. They appear'd to us to be very ill accoutered Gentry: But, however, Vileness of *Equipage* is no Blot in *Escutcheon*; as may be easily made out from this following Narrative: When King *James* commanded all that were *Gentlemen* in an Army, to pass by him, he, observing a *Rag-a-muffin* to hobble in the Rear of the Train, commanded him to be stopped, because he looked not like a Gentleman; but *Taphy*, cry'd out, that hur was as good a Shentleman as the best, only hur Cattle was not so good. In their *Travels* they care not much that their Horses should drink with a *Toast*; as appears by the Wrath which *Shenkin* discovered, whom his quaffing Beast had *pitch-pol'd* into a River. *Uds-plutter-a-nails*, (quoth he) in a great Fury, what, cannot hur trink without a *Toast*? He took it much in Dudgeon, that the Jade should be so bold as to make a *Sop* of his Master.

They do not always observe the Rules of *Justice* in their Punishment; oftentimes chastising one Body for another, and so *misplace* their Rigour on the Undeserving; as will be very evident from this following Instance: A certain *Taylor*, ferrying over a River in their Country, with a diminutive  
Nag;



Nag, the Steed never using to travel by Water, and wondering that he stood still, and mov'd, was possess'd with Fear, and made some Disturbance in the Boat, to the great endangering of the Passengers: The *Wasserman*, being in Jeopardy, was fir'd with Anger, and, without any Wings, he flew on the Taylor, and revenged the Injury of the *Palfrey* on poor Prick-Louie. The *Stitcher* swaddled the scrupling Horse, and *Tappy* beat the *Stitcher*, to the great Diversion and Grief of the Spectators.

The Materials of his Apparel are usually a well shagged *Freeze*, so that we cannot call it *sleepy*, being fleec'd with a *Nap* like any Sheep-Skin: It affords excellent Harbour to the Vermin of his Body, which, whether it be stock'd with Store of *Joicements* of them, he commonly signifies by the Symbol of a Shrug.

His *Fashion* is generally a Pair of oblong Trowzers made of a Brace of Cloak-bags, suppos'd to be Twins; these, tack'd together, are a perfect Emblem of his *crural* Attire. This Garment had conjugal Affinity to a thing call'd a Doubler of the same Lineage; a copious Vestment, very Roomthy and Capacious, able to comprehend both his Arms, in the single Pudding-bag of one Sleeve; its uppermost *Confines* were hemm'd with the scanty Dimensions of a contracted Collar, but its lower Extremity was bordered with the Paraphrase of amplified Lappets. The Summit of his Head is commonly crown'd with a *Monmouth* Cap, and its Crown is commonly pinnacled with the Battlement of a Button. Cuffs are an Innovation, Things which their Ancestors were seldom guilty of; and, indeed, Bands and clean Linnen, are an upstart Invention; being the modern Effects of Pride of their huge ones, whereas Primitive Britishment was never acquainted with the Habiliment of a Shirt.

40 *The Briton Described; or,*

*Shirt.* Their Feet, it seems, are of an hot Complexion, for they often air their *distockin'd* Pet-  
titoes; and if they had any *Hosen*, they were the  
-*Offspring* of their Drawers, to which they were  
fasten'd by *Leathern Ligaments*. The *Perfection*  
of a *Wellsman's* Equipage, the *Cream* (as it were)  
of his *Acoutrements*, and that which compleats  
even his most *Festival* Attire, is (as the Story  
goes) an old Sword of hur nown breeding, which  
hur hath brought up from a *Tagger*: And this he  
can brandish, with much Valour, against the tremen-  
dous On-set of *Dragooning* Bees; a kind of  
Enemy which the *Tapby* is much afraid of, in  
regard he is always arm'd with a Pike in's Rear,  
which, once upon a Time, being fasten'd in his  
Fore-head, *broach'd* such a Pore in his *Physiognomy*,  
that he could never endure those *hum-buzzing* Shen-  
tlemen, (as he calls them) in yellow Doublers.

The Country is mountainous, and yields pretty  
handsome *Clambering* for Goats, and hath Variety  
of *Precipice* to *break* one's Neck; which a Man  
may sooner do than *fill* his Belly, the Soil being  
barren, and an excellent Place to breed a Famine  
in. It is reported of *Campania*, that it was the  
most noble Region in the World, the Air *pleasant*,  
the Soil *fertile*, the *Theatre* of *Bacchus* and *Ceres*,  
where they were at *Fifty-cuffs*, for the Prehemi-  
nence; but we perceiv'd no such *Scuffle* in *Wales*;  
for those Deities are so far from *fighting* there,  
that we could not discern that they were so much  
as ever there; there being scarce Water and *Oat-*  
*meal* to give us *Being*, we could not expect *Egypt*  
and the *Canaries*, Butts and Granaries, to give us  
a *Well-being*: There is no *Canaan* to be found in  
the Arms of a *Desart*.

The *Commodities* of the Nation are chiefly  
Woollen-cloaths, as Cottons, Bays, &c. of which  
their tatter'd Backs are an ill Sign of; for sure  
they

they are not so silly to furnish other Countries with Raiment, and to go naked themselves.

As for the *Diet* of the Briton, it is not very delicate, neither is he curious in it; for if he should, his *Appetite* perhaps might curse his *Nicety*, and by pleasing his *Palate*, he may starve his *Belly*. A good Mels of *Flummery*, a Pair of Eggs he rejoices at as a Feast, especially if he may close his Stomach with *toasted Cheese*; a Moriel of which he hath a great Kindness for. You may see him pictur'd sometimes with that *Crevis* in his Head, call'd a Mouth, charg'd at both Corners, with a *Crescent* of Cheese, and himself a *cock-horse* on a Red-Herring, and his Hat adorned with a *Plume* of Leeks: Good edible *Equipage*! which, when Hunger pinches, he makes bold to nibble; he first eats his Cheese and his Leeks together, and for second Course, he devours his Horse. He never much car'd for a *Sop*, since, once upon a time, it drank up all his Drink, and would not club to pay his Shot.

As for his *Person*, his Stature is of the lowest Size, not above a Stair or two above one *Story*; and we found always a Cock-loft, and that usually empty. His Face usually bubbles into Tumours and Pustles. Besides the natural *Haut-goust* of Body that breathes from Grain, he usually sends forth an *artificial Smell*, which you may wind as far as the *Extreme Unction* of twenty Funerals, only the *Scent* is not so sweet: He smells as rankly of the single Stink of Brimstone, as a Gold-finder of a *Meddy*; for a scurvy Disease, commonly call'd the *Scrubado*, makes frequently an *Inroad* into his Person, and invades his Body; so that he is forc'd to choak his Enemy by Stink of Sulphur. 'Tis a *creeping* Distemper, whose Progress is check'd by Mortification; so that when he leaves off his Shirt, that is, when it leaves him, and



and can hang on no longer, it is excellent Furniture for Tinder-box, as *virtually* containing in it both Match and Tinder.

The *Musick* he plays upon is a Tool stil'd an *Harp*, that is, a *triangular* Stick *bed-corded* with Variety of extended Catlings, which he tickles with as much Dexterity, as if Prentice to *Amphion*, and draws as many *Boys* after him, as he did *Stones*; nay, *these* we have seen in some Places to trot after him; but not so much to *admire*, as to *pelt* him for his Harmony. He puts his Instrument to one Use more than the Ancients did theirs, *i. e.* he *purveys* with it for Maintenance; so that when Sustenance fails him, he strikes up for a *Morsel*, and so lives by *Sounds*, and (*Camæleon* like) hath *Alimony* from *Air*. He *serenades* *Victuals* in every Village, as the *Pide-piper* did *Rats* at *Hamel*, and he allures *Luncheons* after him, as much as the other did *Vermin*: Here a Knob of Bacon wags after him for *one* Strain, and there a *Crust* follows him as a Reward of *another*; one *bites* him in the Mouth with a Payment of *Pottage*, another *pops* him in the Pocket with the *Gratuity* of a *Carrot*; he is laden sometimes with such Plenty of *Beverage*, that he can't jog for his Fraught; all which Variety of *Fragments* is the most ample *Income* and wonderful *Revenue* of his Skill in *Musick*. His usual Admirers are Country Milk-maids, whom Vibration of String doth move and stir into Jig and Measure; and whom *Breeze* of *Instrument* (like those in *Tail*) do chase and tickle into Dance and Caper: By the *wagging* of his Noddle, and the *wriggling* of his Limbs, he seems to be taken with the *Accents*, or else to be bitten with the *Tarantula* of his own *Musick*, which hath *infected* him into a Galliard, and caus'd him to fig about with a frolick Motion.

We

We could not perceive that they were guilty of much *Learning*, of which the *lowest* Degree is several *Notches* above their most exalted Capacity. We met with one pretty *Proband* in the Alphabet; but, for the most Part, the Knowledge of the least *Iota* is rare and unusual. A Man skill'd in *Orthography* is admir'd as a *Sophy*, and a Writer of his Name is term'd a *Rabbi*. The *Top-gallant* of the Parish possibly may be so wise in *Hieroglyphick*, as to scrawl the Character of a *Mystick Mark*, tho' such deep Literature is not frequent amongst them. Some of their Ancestry have *smelt rank* of *Astrology*; one whereof, *Merlin* by Name, was very notable at the Stars, and most intimate with the Planets; infomuch that sometimes he would *sing* at a *Futurity*, and venture at a *Prognostick* concerning the Weather. 'Tis supposed he was bred up at the Feet of some *She-Gamaliel*, being so well vers'd in the Prophecies of old Women's *Corns*, and who could as cleverly foretel Rain, as the learned *Almanack* of the most Weather-wise *Toe*. The Study of *Wizardism* hath also been famous amongst them; one Goodman *Druis* was well accomplish'd in that Kind of Learning; hence formerly a *Wizard* was stil'd a *Druie*. This Fellow (they tell us) was the *School-master* of *Pythagoras*, into whose *Breech*, 'tis said, he infus'd, by *Birch*, the Opinion of *Transmigration*. He was *dextrous* at a *Fortune*, and *Old-Dog* at *Augury*; the only Thing we dislike in him, is, he sacrificed Men, and so divin'd by *Butchery*.

To the *Wisdom* and *Philosophy* of this *Sophy*, his little Boy *Bardus* added *Poetry*; a Lad, it seems, notably inspir'd with *Flames* and *Firebrands*, with *Heats* and *Raptures*, and such Kind of *Tackle* that are us'd by Poets. The Disciples of this *Laureat* were term'd *Bards*, the great *Embalmers* of heroick Actions; who, I warrant you, will wrap up an *Atchievement*

Atchievement so securely in a *Monument* of a single Verse, that all the Nibblings in the World shall never be able to devour the *Immortality* of a Name. They *ballad-sung* the Praises of renowned Heroes, and, in lofty Strains, *wire-draw'd* their Fame, and *stretch'd* their Glory to after Ages. They were in huge *Esteem*, and had the *Cap* and *Knee* of the greatest Commanders, insomuch, that if two Armies were even at *Cuffs*, or at *Cudgels*, and a venerable *Bard* had stepp'd in but with one *Foot* of his Poetry, they would have held their *Hands*, and have thrown down their *Hilts*, and have hearken'd to the Advice of his learned *Dactyles*, and not offer to snout it till his *Poetical* Worship had been out of Danger. The most famous of these *Metre-mongers* were *Robin Plenidius*, my Gaffer *Glaskiron*, and of late Years old Farmer *Davy*, and our Neighbour *David ap Williams*.

The *Champions* of the Country, Men of celebrated Prowess, were Mr. *Cassibellane* and Sir *Nennius*, Knight, the former whereof was so *doubty* a Blade, that 'tis said he confronted *Cesar*, and bid him kiss his Back-side with undaunted *Gallantry*; the other, grappling with the same Emperor, did *diswiniard* his Hand by main Strength, and sent the Man home laden with some Stripes, and with a *naked* Belt. A notable Instance of *Welsh* Valour! To these we may add that *Hector* of Britain, the renowned *Arviragus*, who was so great a *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones* to the Roman Soldiery, that 'tis thought he frightened them, even to the *bewraying* of their Breeches, and made them mightily *stink* of a *siltby* Discomfiture.

As for the *Loves* of Britons, the Intrigues of their *Amours* are not a little remarkable; they being very pretty *Animals*, when *disguis'd* with that Passion: They are *Tinder* to such Flames, being quickly set on Fire, even by the least Spark,  
which,



which, when it hath catched the *Match* of their Souls, (for they have *Brimstone* in them, as well as in their Bodies) they are presently kindled into *Transport* and *Extasy*; and these model them into the Shapes of a thousand *Anticks*, and make them shew more Tricks than *Banks's Horse*. Sometimes they are shaking the *Globules* of their Nod-  
dle, and sometimes dancing some *Geometry*, with the *Figures* of their Feet; now they smite with *Clapper* of Fist their troubled Breasts, and anon found out some *Knells* of dismal Groans, being variously affected according as the *Weather* is in their *Glorinda's Face*; if *Aspect* be clear, than is *Taphy serene*; if *Brow* be cloudy, than is *Morgan show'ry*. He commonly o'er-flows in his *Prattle*, about the *Princum Prancumness* of his Mistress, and is witty, even to a Jest, on the *Fineries* of their *Habiliments*, in describing of which he is pretty lucky at *Similitudes*, and is happy in his *Comparisons* about her Person. One, having a *Glymple* thro' the Key-hole of her *Saffron Body*, burst out into a *Panegyrick* of the *Bees-waxness*, as he phras'd it, of her *tawny Complexion*; and seeing her *Tippet* to bristle into the *Erectness* of a *Turban*, he tell a laughing at the *Coxcomb*, as he term'd it, of her *Coit* and *Head-gear*. He seldom troubles his *Madam* with the *Salutation* of a Letter, but usually accosts her with the *Missive*, as I may say, of his nown Person, which being broken up in her Presence, out-fly the Contents full of *Flame* and *Rapture*.

*Shentle Modest! when hur see,  
The fair Looks hur made at me,  
Hur could not choose by what's above,  
But be entangled by hur Love.  
Hur was not think it fit and meet,  
To wrap hur Love within a Sheet;*

*But*

But was think it great deal better,  
 To speak hur Loufe, than write a Letter;  
 Hoping hur not Exception take  
 At hur for hur Country's Sake.  
 What if hur Welshman be? What then?  
 Taffies was all Shentlemen;  
 Born from Venus, that fair Coddels,  
 And many other Shentle Bodies;  
 Part Humane and part disine,  
 We are descended from Jove's Line.  
 All this Truth hur dare not mince,  
 Being the Issue of a British Prince.  
 If should with Shenkin drink some Wine,  
 Hur would not think hur Fortune fine,  
 And hur would tell such Tale in Ear,  
 That all the World was never hear.  
 Then shentle Modest let hur prove,  
 Honest Shenkin will hur Love;  
 Though hur was very filthy fit,  
 That drives poor Welshman out of Wit;  
 And if hur will not pity hur Pain,  
 Hur will never loufe again.

We heard of one that went a Wooing, with a  
 Gun upon his Shoulder, being resolved, it seems, if  
 Love be a Warfare, not to enter unarm'd into the  
 Camp of Venus; still as his coy Daphne shifted  
 from his Presence, he march'd Musquetering about  
 the Room, and most fiercely pursued her, till, at  
 last, in the brisk Encounter of a close Embrace,  
 this warlike Instrument took an Occasion, some-  
 what unmannerly, to go off, and blunderbuss'd the  
 Mistress on her Breech, on one Side of the House,  
 and poor Taphy on his Nose, on the other; so  
 that, being much dismay'd at this unhappy Acci-  
 dent, one scrabbled one Way, and the other an-  
 other, to the total Separation of a Pair of Lovers,  
 and to the utter spilling of a Mess of Love.

They

They are pretty devout in their Worship, tho' the Exercise of Religion is somewhat scarce, and have a pretty glowing Zeal, though their Churches are few, and at a great Distance. 'Tis almost incredible how far they are fain to trudge for a little Homily, which, when they have expected, have been mump'd with a Sermon ten Times worse; for, on such *Raw-bone* Livings, there cannot be expected very plump Parts. The ordinary Revenue of a Spiritual Preferment, may possibly be about *five Marks per Annum*; a Bay of Watling for a Dwelling, endow'd with no more Glebe, than just what it stands upon; only, perhaps, it may be *bowe-stall'd*, with as much Ground as may hold a *Sty* for the Pig, and a *Roost* for the Pullen. These Divine Cottages are usually situated some Leagues from the Temple; so that the Holy-Man, with Crab-tree Trunchon, sets out with the Sun, and stretcheth his Legs, with a good handsome Walk, before he arrives to *Pulpit* to stretch his *Lungs*, and wears out much of his *Soals*, before he can reach his *Stall* to mend their *Souls*. Their Houses of Prayer are generally *thatched Tabernacles*, which being steepled, as it were, with a *Lover-hole*, seem'd to be really that what the Temple resembled when prophaned by the *Jews*, I mean, rather the Pictures of *Pidgeon-houses*, than holy *Sanctuaries*. They are wainscoted towards the East, with little Desks, like Pounds, where Levite, imprison'd for about half an Hour, *fodders* the poor Taphies with some melancholy *Tear-fetching* Story, about a grim Fellow called *Death*, who *ambles* Folks on his Back into another World; a Thing which he heard from the *oracular* Gums of his *edentulous* old Grannum, as she sat in the Settle in the Chimney-corner. Some of the most Reverend Rectors are dignified with a Stipend of *six Pounds* a Year, besides the *Perquisites* of



of a Drum and Fiddle; which, well managed on a Holy-day, make up a very pretty Thing. Others have an *Augmentation* of a Bull or a Bear, which, being solemnly baited about twice in a Quarter, do pick pretty comfortable *Tythe* from the Spectators Pockets, and make the poor Parson's Purse to smile and mantle.

Their *Recreations* are various, but not much different from those in *England*; you may see them sometimes smite a *Ball* at the Rebound, and to send it on an Errand to their Antagonists, which, being retorted by Way of Answer, is rejoindered back again with much Dexterity. They will bandy to and fro this *missile Globule*, and *shuttlecock* it to each other with great Celerity. Their Lungs are pretty good at a Bubble in the Air, which *Meteor*, arising from the Womb of a Walnut-shell, they will make fly through the *Welkin* on the Wings of their Breaths, and for a considerable Time, by the Blasts of their Mouths, will support the Being of those *Emblems* of Mortality. In the *whity-brown* Evening, or in the Twilight, they run hobbling about their Common, with *Kites* at their Heels, certain Comets of Paper, which they tow along with a tall String, and make themselves merry with the Length of their Tails, which are a large *Series* of jagged Tossels, tagg'd with a Candle, as with the Twinkling of a Star. Happy is the Man among them that can most discreetly manage this artificial Planet; and he is presently dubb'd the very *Phaeton* of their Country, that can most swiftly career it with this little *lanthorn'd Phœbus*. The *Scrubs* want Candle on *Earth*, and yet they must needs be sticking up *Lights* in the Socket of *Heaven*; there is scarce halt a Pound in a Lordship, either to scare away Darkness, or to work by, and yet these Rascals, forsooth, will be *studding* the Sky with  
Luminaries

Luminaries to play by—As for true and real Hunting, there is no such Thing among them; only they have, as it were, the *Picture*, and some Kind of *Resemblance* of that Pastime; for, their Principality affording them but few Hares, they course a *Lock of Hay* in lieu thereof, and alloo the *Puffs* of a good nimble Wisp. The *Whim* of it is this; when they have a Mind to refresh themselves with somewhat that is a-kin to, or with an *Idea* of, Hunting, they make diligent Search for a Furlong or two of smooth and champion Ground, which, at last being found, they purchase a Bundle of the swiftest Hay (if *Irish* it is the better, for there are the best Runners of all Sorts) this they expose to the Fans of *Æolus*, which, being presently started by Force of Puff, it scuds away, and the Dogs pursue it with mighty Speed. In rainy Weather they have also their *In-door* Diversifements as well as other Nations, such as *Rump-pressing*, *Hot-cockles*, *Chap-smutting*, *Snap-apple*, and the like. Some are cunning at the *Cock-ball*, not so much for *picking* off the Meat (though they are good at that too) as at *throwing* it with Accuracy, and *chequering* the Sport with *Variety* of Tumble.

As far as we could perceive, they love *Holy-day* Fingers, and care not much for encumbering them with that *Inconvenience* called *Work*. They can, Shepherd-like, loll upon a Crook pretty handsomely in the Field, and can discharge a *Superintendency* over the Goats. They are most accomplish'd *Drivers*; to which laudable Function they are so naturally prone, that they are apt to *drive* sometimes more than their own.

They are much addicted to the Sin of *Nastiness*, wallowing in Filthiness like so many Swine; so that the whole Province seems to be but a general *Sty*. You may swear they are made of *Earth* with-

50      *The Briton Described; or,*

out a Metaphor; appearing like so many *Dirt-Images*, or like that of *Prometheus*, made of *Clay*. The meaner Sort of Women are generally such *Draggle-tails*, that the Cattle in their Bosoms are *quag-mir'd* in the Filth of their *well-gleek'd* Attire; so that the frisking Fleas are so far from *Levalto's*, that we are verily persuaded they can scarce pull out *Proboscis*, and their Feet from the Bogs.

The *Tenements* they live in are suitable to the *Guests* that possess them; for as these seem to be *Dirt* moulded into *Men*, so those are the same Matter kneaded into *Houses*; they are usually very *humble* Cottages, and low in Stature, so that a Man may ride upon the Ridge, and yet have his Legs hang in the Dirt; those that are so magnificent as to be *crested* with a Chimney, are mightily valued, as most *cocking* Fabricks. We were not so vain as to expect very splendid Furniture in such contemptible *Huts*; but we soon perceived what *Utensils* were most necessary; a Dishclout and a Beesom, and such cleansing *Implements* are very proper to correct the Filthiness of their Mansions; we found no *Apartments* in these their Habitations, every Edifice being a *Noah's Ark*, where a *promiscuous* Family, a *miscellaneous* Heap of all Kind of Creatures did converse together in one Room; the Pigs and the Pullen, and other Brutes either truckling under, or lying at, the Bed's Feet of the little more *refin'd*, yet their *Brother* Animals. The Country is fortified in some Places with a pretty *Sprinkling* of Castles, which, whether they naturally grew out of the Rocks, or were artificially *ingrafted* there, may be a Matter of Dispute; some fancy'd them to be *Stone-pits* shot up into the Air, which represent the Figure of vast Buildings.

*Wales* is the most monstrous *Limb* in the whole *Body* of Geography, for it is generally reported to



## *A Journey through Wales.* 51

to be without a *Middle*, or, if it hath a *Navel*, it is yet a *Terra Incognita*; for we never could find that ever any Man dwell'd there, the Natives confessing themselves to be only *Borderers*. Surely the Reason why they do so much affect the *Circumference* of their Country, and abominate the *Center*, is because they are ashamed of the *Dominion*; and, indeed, it is a Sign they have but a little Kindness for their Nation, who, like unnatural Sons, run from their Mother, their Country, and, when out of her Embraces, never return again. A *Welshman*, when once abroad, hath no more Tendency *Home*, than a Stone an Inclination to fall upward: He will trot over the *Globe*, and rather endure the Infliction of any Exile, than the cruel Punishment of being *banish'd Home*; if he is once on this *Side Der*, neither *Hunger* nor *Husks*, nor any kind of *Hardship* shall drive him on the other.

We could not, in our Travels, wind very many *Feasts* among them, the Shabbiness of their Soil being not able to nourish and pamper *Luxury*; so that a *Cook*, unless he exercise on himself, and dress his own Fingers, is immediately starved here for Want of Employment. They make some little Invitations perhaps to a *Kid's-bed* or so, and will junket with *Hop-tops*, with brisk Afacrity. Such plain, mean, and, as I may say, *Barrough* Food, was even their *Festival* Entertainments; but as for any *embroider'd*, and, as it were, *metropolitan* Mefs, such as *Bisks* and *Ogllo's*, we never so much as heard of them in their Territories.

Their Mart for Law is a Parish Town, call'd *Ludlow*, where there is a Court of Judicature, deck'd with a Judge, Counsellors, Attornies, Solicitors, and other *Furniture* which *embellish* the Law: Hither they trudge for Decision of Case, and here *Red-coat Integrity* dispenses *Equity*. Most of their Indictments are generally the tragical Effects of

some dismal *Counterscuffle*, where a bloody *Nose*, and a broken *Skin*, is ample Matter for the Commencement of a *Suit*; for, they being of a fiery Temper, sometimes Choler is kindled by an *Antiperistasis* with a Pot of Ale; and then they fall to biting and scratching as hard as they can drive, and the Wounds of this *Caterwauling* and Bickering afford Stuff for an Action the next Day; which, being once got into the *Pounces* of a *Welsh* Attorney, is *dandled* into a Business of no small Aggravation. Oh! how these Pettifoggers will *bug* a Buffeting, and improve a Squabble! They are the very *Bellows* of Contention, and will soon blow a *Spark* into a great *Combustion*. They are a Kind of *Tinkers* in the Law, who usually *make* Holes on purpose, that they may *mend* them; nay, sometimes they will play at *Loggerheads* themselves, to set others together by the *Ears*, and so (as it Fighting was contagious) will *infect* the Taphies into Quarrels and Blows. One marching along the Streets, advanced the *Scolding* of two Women into an huge *Tumult*, as Duels swell into great Wars; and made the *Snarling* of two Dogs *thrive* into an Action, and the Fighting of Mastiffs to end in the Court of *Common-Pleas*. They commonly broach Quarrels, and incense the Shentlemen into Knockings and Smitings; crack'd Crowns and black Eyes, into Assaults and Batteries, and all for Hopes of a Livelihood that may be *skimmed* from the Benefit of such Wars: But perhaps the *Spoils* from the Skirmishes of such *Clients*, are as rare as *Pillage* from a *Scotch* Army. The usual Crime for which they stand generally convicted, is that great Transgression and *Sin* of *Mice*, the nimming of Cheese, and the filching of Oatmeal, and of the rest of the good Creatures that are *arked* in the Cupboard; and as they *offend like* Vermin, so are ordinarily *taken* so too, that is, not apprehend-  
ed

ed like Men, but *entrapped* like Rats; after which they are convented before the *sage Puffs* of the Law, which, purring upon a Tribunal, together with his *Kitling* Officers, doth fasten on the Prey, and doth so suck and claw it, till it hath mumbled out all its *Blood*, that is, all the *Money* of its Veins, and then wholly devours it. This, I say, is *one* of their Offences, though not the *only* one; for some of them have been lash'd for an Attempt upon *Hen-Roosts*, and have received condign Punishment, even for stealing of Poultry at the *wrong End*; for *Taphy*, it seems, having filched a Chicken by the Breech, did *disrump* her by his Theft; and therefore, in Resemblance to his Crime, was almost *disrump'd* by Punishment; so that, for stealing the *Bird's Tail*, he had well-nigh lost his *own*: A pretty Circumstance observed in their Justice! and a laudable Way of proceeding according to *Lex Talionis*.

For several Crimes they have various Punishments. That grand Enormity of *Breaking-wind* is chastised there as it is in *England*, that is, the Hand of Magistracy doth usually inflict a pretty lusty *Cobbling*, that is, for every Report the Loss of an Hair, though some that have been much addicted to that Infirmary, and therefore have been very *guilty* of a Stink, have endured the Cruelty of tormenting Fairies, that is, have been pinch'd into Manners, and a better *Smell*. Artificers, when at work, punish any unhandsome Action, by a particular Severity peculiar to themselves, which they call *Pursing*. The Execution whereof is after this Manner: The Malefactor being prostrate on a Block, two of the same Occupation pull, as *discreetly* as they can, his Drawers as close to Buttock as a *Spaniard's* Breeches, so as not to be laid hold on by the most curious Pincers; the *Pavement* of Posteriors being levell'd and smooth'd from any  
E 3                      Wrinkles,



Wrinkles, a third Artisan strikes it with a Rule, whose squart Application, by *quick Jerks*, makes some Impression of Pain, and so moves the Blood, as to raise and start a Tincture, and (as it were) the *Flea-biting* of a Blush. Some of the more obstinate Criminals are punish'd by *Suspension*, but not by the Neck, as here in *England*, but by the Wrists, *Thumb-rop'd* together with a String of Hay, and so fasten'd to a Peg; well! this is but the Beginning (and as it were) the *Hissing* of the Punishment; do but mark, and the *Sting* will follow: The offending Taphy thus dangling in the Air, the Beadle approaches with a Stick imp'd with a Feather at one End, and tickles his Testicles; these softer Titillations engender some *Vibrations* of Body, and nimble Friskings, which are shrewdly chaffis'd by a surly *Cat-of-nine-tails*.

The Cattle we saw most *legible* on their Mountains, were Goats and Heifers, a runtish Sort of Animals, of a *dwarfish* Size, but very *bardy*, of a stinty Constitution, *calculated* on purpose for the *Meridian* of a Rock, on which (it seems) they can as heartily feed, as an *Ostrich* on an Anvil. Great Numbers of these are often *disembog'd* into adjacent Countries, which, after some time, *circulate* home again in a *Stream* of Money; which yields wonderful Refreshment to the fainting Dominion, almost sick for the Comfort of such a Cordial. We perceiv'd their Herds to be frequently mingled with little Palfries, a stunted Sort of Horses, diminutive Brutes, *Shavals* in Short-hand. They are *lower* in Stature than an *Ass*, but much *swifter* in Foot, and very strong; as it appears from their Burdens, which are oftentimes the *Fortune* and Substance of a whole Family; for when a Mortal breaks, he mounts all he hath on a *Welsh Nag*, and travels under the Character of a *Scotch Pedlar*. We chanc'd to see a Team of this small Cattle, a  
rare

rare Spectacle, being (as we suppos'd) the least that ever was heard of, unless that which was harness'd in *Venus's* Chariot, which was a Team of *Doves*. These *British* Steeds are so brisk and mercurial, that the People would persuade us, that a *Tapby* on a *Tit*, would outstrip in Travel an *Arabian* on a *Dromodary*; a Thing almost incredible, though the pricking up their Ears, and the sticking up their Tails, is an Argument of their Mettle, and may give some Colour and Ground for the Assertion.

That which we admir'd most of all amongst them, was the *Virginity* of their Language, not deflower'd by the Mixture of any other Dialect: The Purity of *Latin* was debauch'd by the *Vandals*, and was *bur'd* into Corruption by that barbarous People; but the Sincerity of the *British* remains *inviolable*. 'Tis a Tongue (it seems) not made for every Mouth; as appears by an Instance of one in our Company, who, having got a *Welsh* *Poly syllable* into his Throat, was almost choak'd with *Consonants*, had we not, by clapping him on the Back, made him *disgorge* a Guttural or two, and so sav'd him. They usually *liquefy* the most rugged Mutes, and soften 'em by Pronunciation; melting the Word *Tug* into *Tudge*, as is clear from this Distick:

*Still did he rudge hur Ear*

*In Praise of the Thirteen Seer.*

*i. e.* did *tug* her Soules with Elogiums of her Country. Whether the *Welsh* Tongue be a *Splinter* of that universal one that was shatter'd at *Babel*, we have some Reason to doubt, in regard 'tis unlike the Dialects that were *crumbled* there; however, whether it be kin or no to other Country Speeches, it matters not; but this we are assur'd of, it is *near* and *dear* to the Folk that utter it, who are so passionately fond of it, that they will scarce

admit another into the *Embraces* of their Lips, which sputter forth a Kind of loathing of our *English* Language; wherein, if a Question be ask'd them, they will, with somewhat of Disdain and Choler, make Answer, *Dim Saïssonick*, i. e. no *English*. Their native *Gibberish* is usually prattled throughout the whole *Taphydome*, except in their Market-Towns, whose Inhabitants being a little rais'd, and (as it were) puffed up into *Bubbles* above the ordinary *Scum*, do begin to despise it. Some of these being elevated above the common Level, and perhaps refin'd into the Quality of having *two Suits*, are apt to fancy themselves above their Tongue, and, when in their *t'other Cloaths*, are quite asham'd on't. 'Tis usually cashier'd out of Gentlemen's Houses, there being scarcely to be heard even one single *Welsh* Tone in many Families; their Children are instructed in the *Anglican* Idiom, and their Schools are *pædagog'd* with Professors of the same; so that (if the Stars prove lucky) there may be some *glimmering* Hopes that *British* *Lingua* may be quite extinct, and may be *English'd* out of *Wales*, as *Latin* was barbarously *Goth'd* out of *Italy*.

The *Cambro-Britons* are great Admirers of heroick Actions, and much honour the Memory of famous Atchievements; infomuch, that rather than a *Deed-doing* Man shall perish in Oblivion, they will eternize his Name by Monument of a *Straw*, or some such inconsiderable Trifle; as appears by that famous Example of that Saint of their Country, Bishop *David*, who being a pert Fighter, and having soundly *basted* and swaddled their Foes, is this Day consecrated to Posterity by the *Trophy* of a Leek, and *smells* as rank of Renown, from that vegetable *Preservative* that embalms his Fame, as they do of a *Scallion* that carry it about for his Glory. Their Hats are set with this Anniversary

Badge



*Badge* and *Emblem* of Honour, and Triumph, on the first of *March*; which Day hath been christened by his Name; and, being dubb'd an Holy-day, hath worn yearly in the Almanack a *Scarlet Letter*.

There is *one thing* more also very *observable* among them, and that is, that, of all the maim'd Persons that ever we read of, we find none comparable for Nimbleness to a *Cambrian Cripple*; a pregnant Proof whereof was presented to us in this following Instance: A Fellow with Crutches mov'd by *Protusion* in a certain Wheel-barrow, espying a Bear near the Rear of the *Thruster*, was so surpriz'd with Horror at this tremendous Sight, that he pack'd up his *Pedestals*, i. e. tuck'd his oaken *Shins* to the *Zodiack* of his Girdle, and away he fled; *Bruin* and the *Protusor* in vain troop'd after him, who led them a Risk with such winged Speed, that they could never overtake him; he clearly out-stripp'd them, to the eternal Glory and Renown of *Welsh Lameness*.

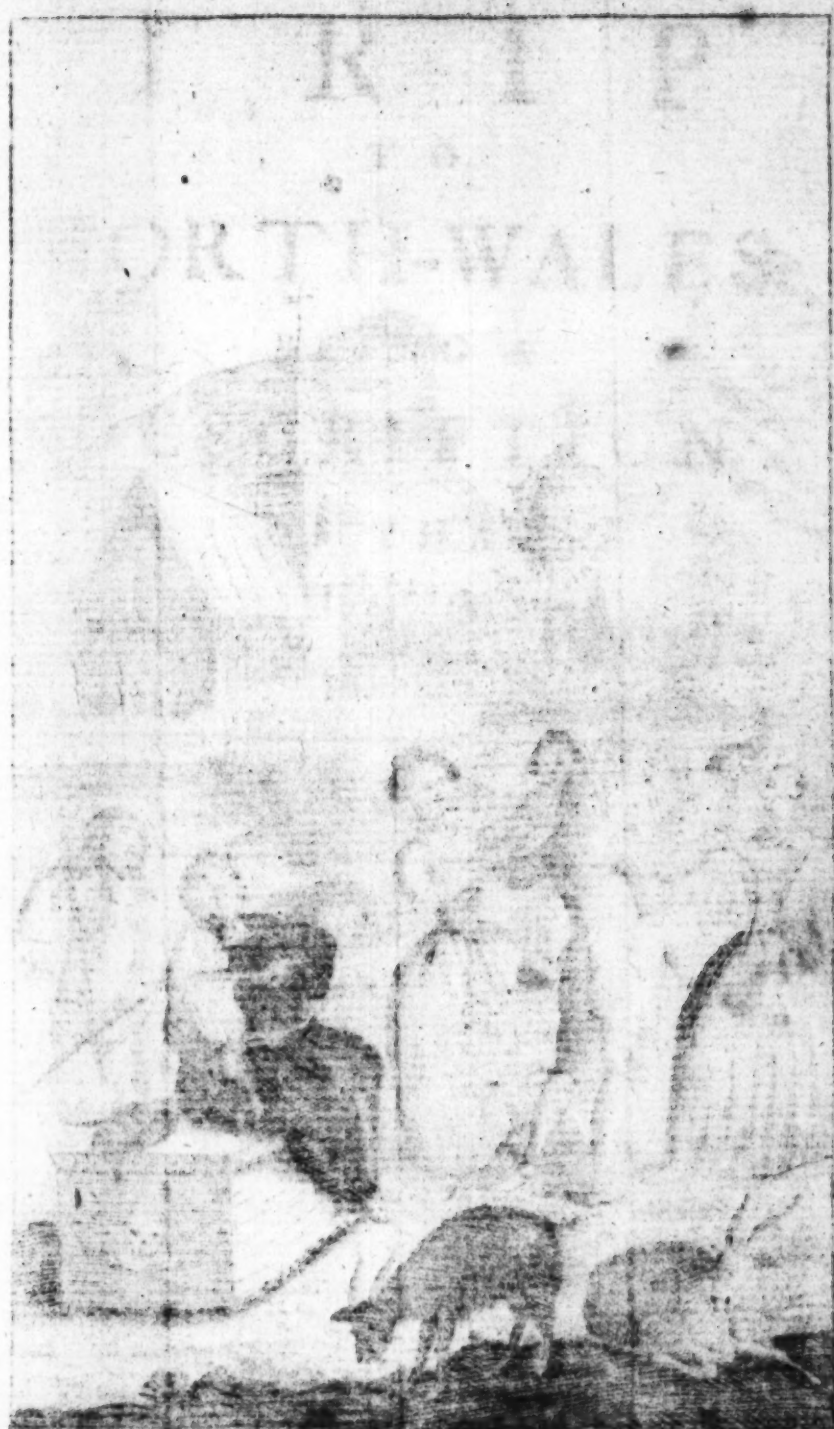
These are some of the *choicest* Observations we made when conversant among the *British* Mountains; we might easily have added more (the whole Nation indeed being but *one grand Remark*) had not the Suddenness of our Return prevented us. If it should chance to be our Lot to set our Feet on that Soil a second Time, we shall venture to present another *Show* of it; for 'tis a Pity such a rare Sight as *Wales* should want a *Trumpet*, nay, and a *Fool* too to proclaim and expose it to the World.

After we had cramm'd our *Budget* with these few Notices, we jogg'd on with our Freight to the Brink of the Sea, where, mounted on a Pinnacle, we rode to *Bristol*, from whence, with all possible Speed, we trudg'd in a few Days to the *Metropolis* of the Nation called *London*.

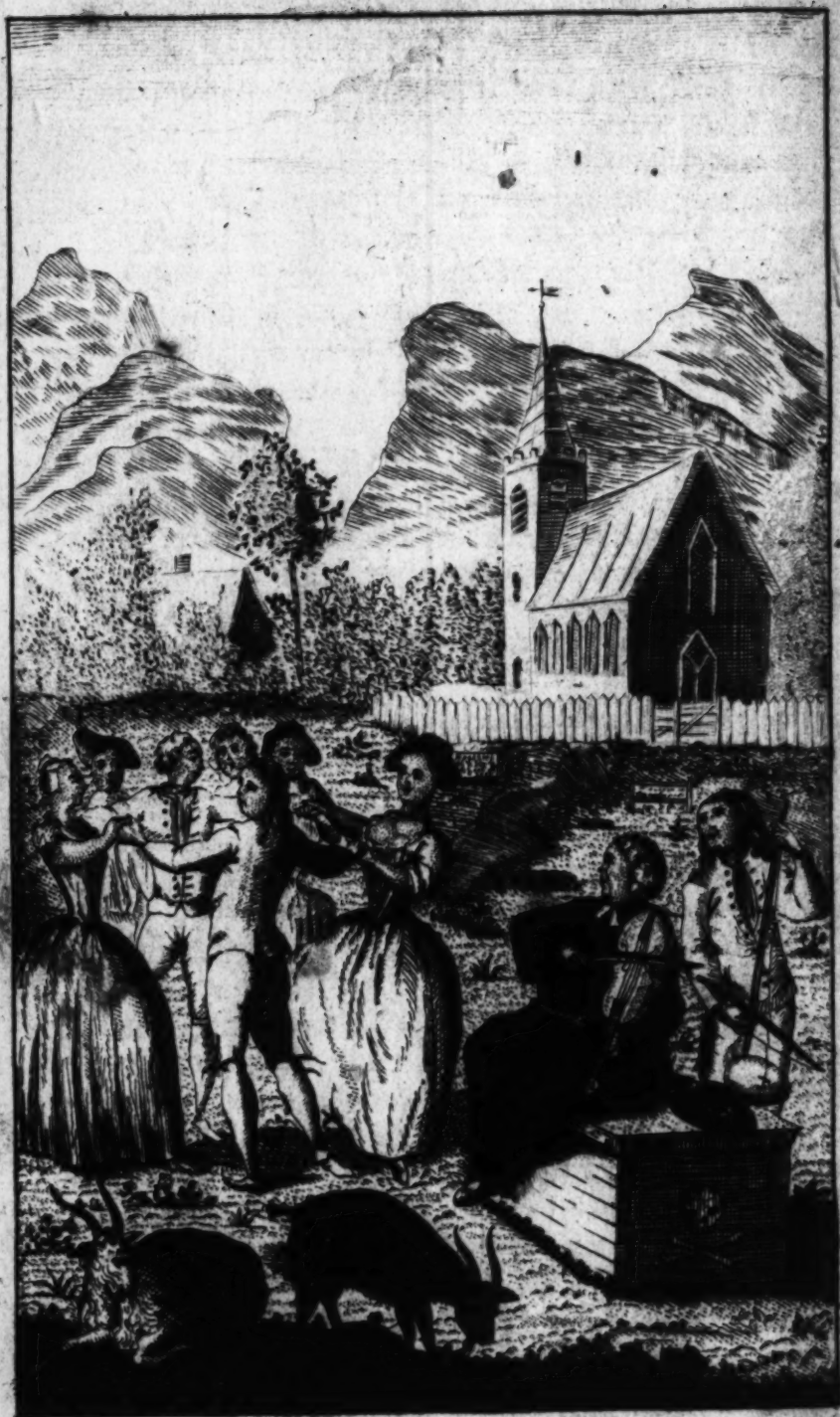
A few more things

Eight and a half of London, and through the  
the first of March, which day had been chosen  
ed by the King, and being a day of Holy-day  
had worn women in the Church, a great number  
There it was that the King and the Queen  
them, and that of all the means of bettering  
that ever we had of, we find none comparable to  
Amphitheatres to which we have given a proper  
to be adorned and polished to be in the follow-  
ing instance: A house with a garden moved by  
water in a certain West-end, giving a  
view of the River of the Thames, was inhabited  
with pleasure as a residence, which that he  
passed up the River, a small boat taken  
down to the River, in the Church, and away he  
went; he returned in the Church, and away he  
went, who had been taken with such winged  
feet, that they could never overtake him; he  
about one third of them, to the eternal glory and  
honour of His Majesty.

These are some of the most Observations we  
made when we were among the things above-  
said; we might easily have added more (the whole  
Nation indeed being but one great Assembly) but  
not the subjects of our Royal presence are  
It is thought that to be our lot for our lot  
one that still a second time, we shall venture to  
present another view of it, for the first time  
the other as it is, that we have a view of it  
and a view too to give it and expose it to the world.  
After we had examined our things with these  
few notions, we began to wish that we might  
look of the sea, which we saw to a distance  
we took to look from which, with all possible  
speed, we made in a few days to the Atlantic  
of the Nation called London.







A  
T R I P  
T O  
NORTH-WALES.  
BEING A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF THAT  
Country and People.

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*Vincis qui Patitur.*

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L O N D O N:  
Printed in the Year M.DCC.XLII.

T R I P

O T

NORTH-WALES

TRIP

DESCRIPTION

OF THAT

Country and People

By J. G. ...



LONDON

Printed by ...

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A  
T R I P  
T O  
NORTH-WALES.



Know not by what Fatality it came to pass, that I was bred up to the Study of the Law; but, surely the Impor-tunity of others had a greater Hand in it, than any Inclination of my own; for, I was ever of Opinion, a young Barrister without an Estate (my Case) made as awkward a Figure, as a Dancing-Master in the Habit of a Non-Con Parson; in regard, such rarely get their Bread, till they have lost their Teeth to eat it. However, being call'd to the Bar, I began to consider, what Way I might best settle myself into Business with the least Certainty of Ex-pence, and the greatest Probability of Advantage. Amongst all the numerous Projects that fill'd my Head, I could think of none like going a *Welsh* Circuit: For happening one Day (in *Trinity* Term) to dine at a *Welsh* Judge's House, with whom I was acquainted, I met there some Attornies of that Country, who, in less Time than a Man might lay

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say over a *Pater-Noster*, made all that was set upon the Table invifible; and then, to make us amends, entertain'd us with a romantick Harangue of the Felicities of *North-Wales*, which they talk'd of, as if they had been describing the Land of *Promise*, that flow'd with Milk and Honey; nay, they wanted little of perfuading me, that Broad Cloth of Twelve Shillings a Yard grew upon the Hedges; and every now and then, a Request was wedg'd in, that I would come and pra<sup>ti</sup>fe amongst them. There needed not half fo many Arguments to put me upon a Thing I was naturally forward enough to undertake. So the Bargain was quickly struck up, and I fully determined to vifit *Wales* the very next Circuit.

But, before I proceed any further, I will firft premife fome Account of the Place and Inhabitants, and then fpeak of my own Treatment there.

*Wales* then (anciently called *Cimbria*) is divided into *North* and *South-Wales*. 'Tis the former of thefe I propofe to fay fomewhat of. This confifts of fix intire, tho' fmall, Counties, viz. *Montgomery*, *Flint*, *Denbigh*, *Merioneth*, *Carnarvan*, and the *Iſle of Angleſea*, and is ſeparated from *England* by the Rivers *Dee* and *Severn*.

The Air is the beſt Thing it has to boaſt of, and will ſooner procure you an Appetite, than furniſh you with Means to fupply it.

The Country looks like the ſag End of the Creation; the very Rubbiſh of *Noah's Flood*; and will (if any thing) ſerve to confirm an *Epicurean* in his Creed, That the World was made by Chance.

The higheſt Hills that ever I ſaw in *England*, ſuch as *Pemgert*, *Ingleborough*, and the like, are meer Cherry-ftones to the *Britiſh Alps*; and no more to be compar'd with them, for Stature, than a Grafhopper with *Goliath* of *Gath*. So that there is not, in the whole World, a People that live fo

near

near to, and yet so very far from, Heaven, as the *Welsh* do.

You cannot travel from Town to Town, but you must needs take the Clouds in your Way, who so gratefully resent your Civility in calling upon them, that you will have no Occasion to complain they send you away dry; for you may, at your Journey's End, belhake your Cloaths with as good a Grace, as any Water-Dog does his shaggy Pantaloon.

A Tree challenges as many Lookers on here, as a Blazing Star, or an *African* Monster, does elsewhere. And for green Things (Leeks only excepted) you might have seen as many in *Egypt* when the Locusts had been rapareeing the Country.

Coaches in many Parts were never so much as heard of, nor can the Natives form any Ideas of them, that are not as disproportioned to the Truth, as *Montezuma's* Conception of the Sea, who had never seen any thing longer than a Horse-Pond. Carts are about the Size, and somewhat of the Shape, of Brewers Drays.

Horses are no Rarities, but very easily mistaken for Mastiff-Dogs, unless view'd attentively; they will live half a Week upon the Juice of a Flint-stone. (For Grass and Hay they know as little as Oats.) And they will run upon the Ridge of a Mountain as thin as the Back of a Knife, with as much Security and Speed, as an accomplish'd Race-Horse will exert upon *New-Market-Heath*, or *Salisbury-Plain*.

Their Beasts are all small, except their Women, and their Lice, both which are (to an Hyperbole) of the largest Size.

They want not Store of Mutton that is tolerably sweet, for Meat so lean: But Goat's Flesh (as more suitable to their own rank Constitution) has the



the Preference; this, forsooth, they call *Rock Venison*.

These Goats are such excellent Climbers, that the only Way to be familiarly acquainted with them, is to tender your Respects, by a Musquet-Ball.

Little want is there of Fish; such as *Trout, Guinaid, Salmon, Lobsters*, and the like, but no *Maids* to be met with.

Their Beef is as tough as an Artillery Man's Coat upon a Training Day, and requires a very Ostrich's Stomach to digest it.

You cannot suppose they want Pork in a Country so very swinish.

Their dressing Victuals serves to verify (an old Proverb) *That where God sends Meat, some body else will furnish them with Cooks.*

Their Houses generally consist but of one Room, but that plentifully stocked with Inhabitants; for besides the Proprietors, their Children, and Servants, you shall have two or three Swine and Black Cattle (White they are never without) under the same Roof, and hard to say, which are the greater Brutes.

These Houses have Holes dug in their Sides, that serve them for a double Purpose, both to let in Light, and to let out Smoak; they represent both Windows and Chimnies: For, should a Man have a Chimney perching on the Top of his thatched Mansion there, he would stand in great Danger of being prick'd down for High-Sheriff.

Cow-dung is their principal Firing; and the nearer Sort use Swine's Dung instead of Soap.

(Necessary Houses are the only Places reputed needless here: Perhaps the same Pot that boils their Food serves them for another Use. This you may assure yourself, there is very soft treading near a *Welsh* House for those that are troubled with

with Corns. In a Word, it is an absolute Cata-  
plasm; but no Carrion will kill a Crow.

Thus much for their Habitations: Now for  
those that dwell in them.

Some suppose them to be descended from the same  
common Parents with us; but to hear one of them  
talk, you would take them for a Sort of *Præ-  
Adamites*; nor can there be any thing imagined so  
troublesome, as a *Welshman*, when possessed with  
the Spirit of Genealogy. They are, doubtless,  
the true Offspring of the antient *Britons*, and have  
crept into this obscure Corner of the World, no  
ways able to recompense the Toil of Conquest:  
They liv'd many Ages undisturbed, and as safe as  
a Thief in a Mill, till our *Edward*, with much a-do,  
cudgell'd them into Humanity, and persuaded them  
(fore against their Will) to live a little like the  
rest of their Neighbours.

Wolves were formerly as plentiful among them,  
as Pick-pockets at a Conventicle, till their Princes  
being obliged to pay a yearly Tribute of Three  
hundred: In Process of Time, no noxious Ver-  
mine, but the Inhabitants, were left in the Land.

They have this in common with the *Jews*, that  
they ever marry in their own Tribe, which, as it is  
detrimental to them; so it is highly advantageous  
to all others.

Their Language is inarticulate and guttural, and  
sounds more like the Gobbling of Geese, or Tur-  
kies, than the Speech of rational Creatures. It is  
stuffed as full with Aps, as ever you saw a Leg of  
Veal with Parsly.

They are so well vers'd in the History of their  
Descents, that you shall hear a poor Begger Wo-  
man derive her Extraction from the first Maid of  
Honour, to *Nimrod's* Wife, or else she thinks she  
is No-body.

If they want a Pewter-Spoon or Porringer in their House, yet will they by no Means be without a Pedigree.

The Itch is more hereditary among them than Estates; and they have Lice upon all their Bodies. To remedy the former of these Inconveniencies, (the other is not reputed any) they anoint themselves so profusely with Brimstone, that their Shirts and Shifts might almost serve instead of Card-Matches; so that they are intolerable Company, if once they get the Wind of you.

They are such great Lovers of Cleanliness, that they never shift above four Times a Year, and that exactly upon Quarter-Day, except it happen to be Leap-Year.

Most of the middle (and all the meaner) Sort, are as absolute Strangers to Shoes and Stockings, as to mortal Honesty, whereby their Legs and Feet become, in Time, so callous, that hardly any thing will hurt them.

For their Christianity (if you'll believe *Tertullian*) they came by it very easily; but, like an old Coat, it is now grown so thread-bare, that you can hardly make it out, that there ever was such a Thing as Christianity among them.

They preface every thing, with *Got* and *St. Taphy knows*; which Saint was a very worthy Gentleman, that could play at Back-sword well. You may read of him plentifully in that excellent Book, call'd, *The History of the Seven Champions*; to which I refer you for further Information.

Their most usual Imprecations are these; *May hur never wear Leek more; May hur be choaked with toasted Cheese; and the Tiphill bite hur Head off.*

Their Churches somewhat resembled the *Jewish* Tabernacle converted into a Pidgeon-house. Their  
Pews



## *A Trip to North-Wales.* 67

Pews look exactly like the Pens for Geese, Calves, and Hogs in *Rumford-market*, or *West-Smithfield*. And there it is, that (by Way of Ornament, not Use) they deposit those few Bibles they have.

Their Pulpits (generally the Trunk of some hollow Tree) are badly covered, and worse lined. Their Priests (which are made of the vilest of the People) have just *Latin* enough to intitle them to the Benefit of the Clergy, and no more. For *Greek*, it suffices them to have heard there is such a Thing in the World; they never trouble themselves about it. *Hebrew*, they are the best qualified for that can be, partly in Regard of their own guttural Pronunciation, and partly because its Roots flourish best in barren Ground; but they are as absolute Strangers to it, as the rest of the uncircumcised World.

Yet it is rare to see any of them without the Rubrick, and *Cambridge Arms*, *Lucem & Pocula*, Fire and Cups in their Faces; so very conformable are they.

The Surplices are full as coarse (and almost as white) as Carmens Frocks; you would take them for spiritual Muckenders, for they are perpetually wiping their Noses on them.

Five Marks a Year will creditably and comfortably maintain one of those illiterate Sir *Johns*, his Wife, and six Children; nor do they deserve one Penny more than they have. They are universally the Sow-gelders and Ale-house-Keepers of their respective Parishes.

I heard a Parson recommend, in publick, a Woman that had the *French-pox*, first to the Mercies of God, in his Prayer, next to the Charity of all pious well-disposed Christians, that knew not how soon it might be their own Condition.

At *Penmorthey*, some of our younger Sort sent one Evening for a Fidler; and who do you think

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should come, but the Reverend Doctor of the Parish; who pull'd a small squeaking Instrument (miscall'd a Violin) out of a Slit in his Cassock, and began to make as good Melody as three or four Cats in a Garret at Mid-night. A Person present threw a Cake of Butter at him, which so obnubilated one Side of his Ecclesiastick Chaps, he threatened to complain to his Diocesan, who was a Justice of Peace, but was soon stopped by a Present of six Pence; a Sight, I suppose, he had not been bless'd with since last Easter-Offerings. After which, he was so very pliant to the Humours of the Company, that you might, without Offence, have kicked him like a Foot-ball.

You may expect, but will not find, any Rings of Bells here; yet most of their Churches have one, about the Bigness of a large Candlestick, hung upon (not in) a Thing like a Steeple, as a Muhrum is a Millpost: This is generally rung out upon any joyful News.

I remember once we had a Church-warden's Accounts canvass'd in Court, and among other Things, there are these that follow.

*Item*, Three Pence for a twisted Hay-Rope to the Bell at St. Mary's Church.

*Item*, Seven Pence for a Gate, to keep of *Thomas Ap Richard's* Cow from devouring the afore-said Rope.

Their Church-yards serve the Dead for a Burying, and the Living for a Dancing-place, and that every *Sunday*; for there you shall see a blind Harper mounted upon a Grave-stone, making admirable Harmony, surrounded by the Long-ear'd Tribe, like another *Orpheus* amongst the Beasts.

For their civil Government, it is after the Model of *England*; but, in many Things, as much  
varies

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varies from it, as the *Turkish* Alcoran does from the *Scotch* Directory.

They have Judges of their own, that carry With them, in their Circuits, an itinerant Chancery, *King's-Bench*, *Common-Pleas*, and *Exchequer*: so that the same Hand that inflicts the Wound at common Law, applies the Equity Plaster also.

In three Weeks Time they will sue a Man to an Out-lawry. It is the Form of one of their Proclamations; *Morgan Cadwaladar*, Gent. come forth and answer to *Jane ap Rice Williams*, in a Plea of Dower, or else you lose three Kine, Price fifteen Shillings.

They are very favourable to their own Countrymen, and will by no Means subject them to any capital Punishment: An Instance of which we had in our Circuit, where we could not hang one Man. There was a Fellow indicted for Sheep-stealing, and a very pregnant Evidence of his Guilt produc'd, yet the thick-sculld Jury brought him in guilty of Man-slaughter. But Strangers are not to expect such fair Quarter.

Their civil Actions are brought upon very frivolous Accounts. As for your Hens scraping up a Daisy in your Neighbour's Garden; for a Philip on the Nose; for saying you are no true *Welshman*, and the like.

No Man will appear there, either upon a Jury, or a Witness, unless he be call'd by his Addition of Quality, as well as Name; as *Hugh Owen*, Esq; *Evan Roberts*, Gent. nay, it has been known, that when my Lords the Judges have, in their Circuits, been so crowded, as to be well nigh stifled upon the Bench; and the Sheriff has found all his Mandates to keep the King's Peace, upon Pain of Rebellion, invalid, he has at last been forc'd to cry, All you that are *Gentlemen of Wales*, and *ancient*



*Britons*, stand off, and keep your Distance; which has effectually done the Business.

They are of a hot, cholerick Temper, and will, upon a Word's speaking, run at you with their Knives: full drive: But as their Valour is soon kindled, so it as quickly evaporates.

For their Women, they are happy that know them only by Report; for to have to do with them is, in a literal Sense, to be guilty of the Sin of Uncleanness.

Reading is a valuable Accomplishment amongst both Sexes; but, to be able to write too, makes them presently commence Rabbits: for many, even of the better Sort, think themselves no mean Scholar, if they have once attain'd to be able to set their Marks to a Deed.

Their Wenches unspit Meat with their naked Teeth, which are full as sweet as clean; so that had *Cornelius Agrippa* seen *Wales*, 'tis more than probable, he had rank'd their Cookery amongst his Vanities of Science.

Butter is there of a dark yellowish Complexion, mix'd with green; and you must hold your Nose in your own Defence, before you can put it into your Mouth. However, 'tis very good to grease Cart-wheels.

Eggs bear no Price, unless they have Chickens in them, and then they are as much coveted, as Green Pease in *January* by a Big-bellied Woman, or Spiders by a sick Monkey.

Toasted Cheese epitomizes all Dainties with them; and they eat it with as much Luxury as the *Scotch* do *Steenbarnack*, or the *Irish*, *Bonni-clabber*. It is made of Cows Milk, mixt with that of Goats, Bitches, and Mares; so that an *Englishman* would as soon choose to dine with a hungry *Tartar*, upon Sun-burnt Horse-Flesh, as put a Bit of it into his Mouth.

Forks

Forks they never use, looking upon Fingers as the more primitive Institution.

Their Liquor is of a pale deceitful Complexion, but as treacherous in its Effects, as the worst of those that either brew or use it.

To sum up their Character in one Word:

They live lazily and heathenishly; they eat and drink nastily, lodge hardily, snore profoundly, belch perpetually, shift rarely, louse frequently, and smoak Tobacco everlastingly.

An Account of my Entertainment amongst 'em must now ensue.

I had no sooner passed the River *Dee*, but I began to grow sensible I was not in *England*; for the Country I was got into, look'd no more like it, than if a Man had been in *America*, or the most uninhabited Parts of *Arabia*. There was a savage Air in the Face of every body I met, that plainly told me, these must be descended from *Brutus*, the Nephew of *Virgil's* Hero.

The first Town we stepp'd in, was the *Welsh* Pool in *Montgomeryshire*; where we were so commodiously lodged, that it may be presum'd *Marius*, when in the *Fens Minturnum*, lay in a Palace, compar'd with this ill-favour'd Resemblance of an Inn. We got early to Bed, in regard of next Day's Journey, which consisted of twelve *Welsh* (that is to say thirty-six *English*) Miles; for every one of them was a complete *Dutch* League.

I had not gone above a third part of the Way, e'er my Horse lost a Shoe, an ordinary Misfortune in that rocky Country. I desired the Judge to stay till he was shod, but he told me he could not, for he was oblig'd, by such an Hour, to meet his Brother at the City of *Dinas Mowdaye* (a Place I shall no more forget, than a Parliament Soldier *Edge-Hill* or *Marston-moor*) which, as he said, lay strait on, and was but six Miles distant. I order'd my

Man to book it down, to prevent Mistakes; and expected to find a Place, at least, twice as big as *Shrewsbury*. Well, I got my Beast shod, with much ado, by as very a Beast as himself; a Smith that could speak no more *English* than a Dromedary, and work'd at least three Fathom under Ground, like the ancient *Troglodites* *Herodotus* and *Strabo* mention.

The first Object I met, I had like to have mistook for a Piece of *German* Clock-work; his Head, Hands, and Feet, all kept Time; whilst he put himself to no less Pains than *Hercules* in cleaning the *Augsan* Stables, to make a living *Automaton*, call'd a *Kessel*, or Horse, move. The Creature appear'd thoroughly to have imbib'd the Doctrine of Passive Obedience, and no more valued his Rider's Stripes and Kicks, than the *French* King does the Duke of *Modena*; but still preserv'd, in his Pace, a Majestick *Spanish* Gravity: It look'd as if he had lineally descended from *Praise God bare bones*, and was so gross an Idolater, that almost every Moment it bowed down to Stocks and Stones. Friend, says I, which is the way to the City of *Dinas Mowthaye*? He survey'd me with as great Attention, as if he designed to draw my Picture, for a full Quarter of an Hour; and then comforted me with a *Diggon Comrague*, *Dinsarsnick*, i. e. (as I was afterwards told) *I can speak Welsh but no English*. At last, riding on (after not a few perplexing Fears) I was got into the Middle of the City, enquiring the way to it; till a Woman, that had Shoes and Stockings on (whom, for that Reason, I took to be a Person of Quality) told me I was in the High-Street. Casting my wonder-struck Eyes about here and there, by some half Pikes, that over-topp'd a small Cottage, I began to perceive my Judge was got into his Grandeur, and so it prov'd.

I found



I found him in the uppermost Room of the House (that had, notwithstanding, a Clay Floor) which was hung with as noble and elegant Tapastry as ever Spider's Room produc'd.

The Porridge-pot (bold as it was) fac'd his Majesty's prime Commissioners of *Oyer and Terminer*, without the least Appearance of Shame; but the Broom, as if Good-Housewifery were quite out of Countenance, was modestly retir'd in a Corner, behind the Door. It had two Beds at the Upper-end, a Goat and two Pigs at the Lower-end, and a Fireplace in the Middle. His Lordship bad me welcome, and told me I came in Pudding Time, for they were just going to Dinner, and stay'd only for Mr. Mayor: Ay, thought I, it must needs be a blessed Mayor that belongs to this Corporation; and in the Midst of my Contemplations, his Worship was pleas'd to appear.

There was a Fellow that carried a Battoon, or Truncheon (daub'd with yellow at each End, in Imitation of Gilding) much of the same Fashion with those the Marshals of the City Militia carry before their Captains, instead of a Mace before him.

He was of a Presence sufficiently august and venerable, for he had just such a Face as our Sign Post-Daubers give King *Harry VIII.* of glorious Memory; and it might be divided, as Dr. *Heylin* has done the Kingdom of *Poland*, into Wood-Land and Champion: The nethermost Part was lamentably over-grown with Hair, which much resembled *Bafat* a Baker. His Hat might be worth about two Groats, for the Kitchen-stuff that was on it; but setting aside that, the whole Inventory of his Wearing Apparel had been over-rated at Six pence. His Cloaths hung about him like Bandileers or Saufages; and to speak the Truth, he was the raggedest Dog of a Magistrate that ever my Eyes beheld.

However

However, the Judges gave him the Right-hand of Fellowship, and set him at the Upper End of the Table, where, after a little of the *Welsh Ale* had invaded his *Pericranium*, his Tongue run as nimbly as Wild-fire, and that so very long, that the Philosophers, who were at a Loos for a perpetual Motion, might have found it there.

I remember (amongst other Things) pointing to a House over the way, that the Sun shone thro' in about five and forty Places (and where one would have thought a Dog, or a Cat, could not have subsisted a Fortnight without catching Cold) *Got knows* (says my old Gentleman) *bur Family has flourish'd there these Eleven Hundred Years.*

From thence we departed, after Dinner, for the Town of *Dolgelthlie*, in *Merionethshire*, where we kept our first Assizes, or (to speak in their Language) Great Sessions.

In our Passage, upon the Brow of a Mountain, we were met by the High-Sheriff, at the Head of the Gentry: They were such as would hardly have pass'd Muster, for petty Constables here; but there it was every one, Colonel such such-a-one, and Justice such-a-one. They were mounted upon little Keffels, about a Cubit and half high, to which a *Scotch Galway*, or *Irish Garron*, look'd like *Bucephalus* himself; but what they wanted in Stature was abundantly supply'd with the Length of Mane and Tail, and a deep Channel between every Brace of Ribs.

This Town of *Dolgelthlie*, had several Things very remarkable belonging to it; of which, the most memorable were these.

*First*, It was wall'd with Walls six Miles high, meaning a Ridge of Rocks that environ'd it: And they were such, I'll assure you, as would have bid Defiance to *Hannibal* and all his Vinegar.

Then

Then we came into it under Water, and out of it over Water. A boarded Channel convey'd a small River over our Heads; and we went out of it over a Bridge, *More Anglicano.*

Then the Steeple grew. There was but one Bell, a mere Tintinnabulum, and that hung in a Tree, which, to do the Country Right, was the only Tree I saw growing there: For, setting aside that, I did not see living Timber enough to make a Whipping-Post of.

*Lastly,* There were more Ale-houses than Houses in it; for every House was subdivided into divers little Tenements, each of which sold Drink apart.

Surrounded by a vast Tribe of the bare-footed Regiment, we got, at length, to our Lodgings; where I desired my Landlady to shew me a good Room: *That shall you have,* says she, *God knows: And such a one as Christ nor St. David ever lodged in.* And in that she spoke nothing but Truth; for it was a Ground-Chamber, whose Walls looked as if they had catch'd the Leprosy. They were plaistered with Mortar of twenty different Sorts of Colours; and at the Bed's-head was a Cranny, through which the Wind diluted with Force enough to blow off a Man's Night-Cap.

No less than a whole Cart-load of monumental Timber was carv'd into my Bedstead; and it was to be ascended by a Ladder of six or eight Steps, so that it was highly necessary for a Man to make his Will before he went into it, lest, if he had tumbled out in the Night, he had awaked in another World the next Morning, as infallibly he must have done.

The Ticking was so obdurate, that it seemed to be quilted with Flint-stones instead of Feathers; and perfectly drew Indentures in my Flesh.

Upon the Tester, a whole Race of *Welsh* Spider's, descended, as I presume, from the great *Cadwalader,*



*Cadwalader*, hung in Clusters, ready to drop into my Mouth, if I slept with it open.

I had a Pair of Sheets laid on as coarse as any Nutmeg-grater : I wish, to my Comfort, I could have said they had been half as clean ; for they look'd of as dimsy a Complexion, as if they had scrubb'd half the Keffels, or Hories, in the Country with them. When I expressed my Dissatisfaction, and told my Landlady, I did, at least, depend upon the Civility of a Pair of clean Sheets, as being us'd to wear pretty good Linnen : She reply'd, *Got knows, I need not be so nice ; they had not been lain in but six or eight Weeks ; she took them fresh off her Husband's Bed.* And then, you know, I had no Reason to complain.

Well—in I got, but could no more sleep, than if I had been in *Regulus's* Barrel, or Little-cage ; for I had a Regiment or two of Fleas immediately at free Quarter upon me ; which prov'd such admirable Phlebotomists, that I hardly knew myself next Morning, when I came to consult a Looking-glass. And they may talk what they will of their black Cattle, I am sure I found some of a different Complexion next Morning ; and, in a Week's Time, I was grown so complete a Grazer, that I could have stock'd e'er a Tartar in the Country. My Judge lodg'd in somewhat a better Room over-head ; and following him down Stairs one Day, I had the Luck to find an over-grown Louse of the first Magnitude, on his Scarlet Robes. I was at first strongly tempted to lay violent Hands on it, for its Audacity ; but at last resolv'd to let it alone ; concluding it must needs, some Time or other, fall into the Hands of Justice ; as no doubt but it did, though unknown to me.

My

My Man they cramm'd into a Hole in the Roof of the House, the Hieroglyphick of an Oven, much about the Size of an *English* Hen-roost; where, notwithstanding, as he told me himself, he made a Shift to enjoy a more comfortable Repose than his Master could meet with.

But this was not all: Misfortunes rarely come single: In the Middle of the Night (wanting the usual Fortifications of Lock and Bolt to my Chamber-Door) in comes a great Sow, who, I suppose, had been Tenant in Possession there before, and came to claim a Re-entry. She was so very big, that I was horribly afraid she would have pigg'd under my Bed: With this grunting Chamber-fellow I was oblig'd to pass over the Night, but never in my whole Life before pray'd either so heartily, or so often, *Phosphore redde Diem.*

Next Morning, occasionally consulting a Bit of Looking-glass that was pasted up against the Wall (in which a Pigmy could not see his Phiz, but by *Synechdoche*) I found I was grown an absolute Stranger to my own Countenance, so miserably had my Cannibals excoriated and disfigur'd it.

When I got up I call'd for a Bason of Water, to see if the liquid Element would contribute any thing towards meliorating my Looks. The Wench (to shew the Frankness of her Temper) brings no less than a Pail-ful, but so very dirty, that (excepting her own Face) I saw nothing likelier to turn a Man's Stomach in a Morning fasting. All that I shall say of my Towel is, That it was very correspondent to my Sheets.

I next sent out for a Barber (resolving to set the best Face upon Matters I could) and, in about half and Hour's Time, in comes a greasy Fellow, swift to shed innocent Blood, who, in a trice, from a portable Cup-board, call'd his Cod-piece, pulls out

out a Woollen Night-Cap that smelt very much of human Sweat and Candle-grease) and about two Ells of Toweling, of so coarie a Thread, that they might well have serv'd a zealous Catholick instead of penitential Hair-Cloth.

After some fumbling, he pulls out a Thing he call'd a Razor, but both by the Looks and Effects, one would easily have mistaken it for a Chopping-Knife; and with pure Strength of Hand, in a short time, he shav'd me so clean, that not only the Hairs of my Face, but my very Skin was become invible; for he left me not sufficient to make a Patch for an *Aethiopian* Lady of Pleasure: I gave him a small Piece, bearing *Cæsar's* Image and Superscription; at which, he doffed me so low a Bow, that the very Clay Floor was indented with his Knuckles, and so he reverently took his Leave.

Going into the Kitchen, which was as near my Chamber as might be, I found my Land-lady preparing for a very nice Piece of Cookery, and that was to make a Fricassee of Chickens, by the Help of a Whistle that summon'd also her Maids and Hogs. The young Family were soon got to the Rendezvous; and when she saw a full Appearance, a good Billet, artificially manag'd, made the *Mitimus* of about Half a dozen of them in a Moment's Space; both their Feathers and Skin were stripp'd, and the poor Creatures handled with more Barbarity, than a *London Hangman* ever us'd a Traitor's Body.

Whilst I stood in a brown Study, contemplating her Neatness, I was on a sudden surpris'd with a Noise, much resembling that of Coopers, Trunk-makers, Pewterers, and Tinkers, in Concert: In a Word, *Babel* itself never produc'd a more confus'd or inharmonious Jargon.

Upon



Upon putting my Head out of the Window, I found it was a Company of their Militia, marching into a Vally to perform their Exercise: They did so exceedingly revive in my Memory the Black-Guards, that I was some time before I could persuade myself I was not at *Charing-Cross*.

They went as the unclean Beasts enter'd the Ark, by Couples; most of them had Swords stuck in the Waistband of their Breeches for want of more regular Belts; they had Quires of brown Paper stich'd upon their Stomachs to keep off Bullets; and about Two-Thirds of them were arm'd with Birding-pieces, as if they were going to make War with the Sparrows, Field-fares, and Jackdaws; the rest carried long Poles, miscall'd Pikes: Their Colours seem'd to be patch'd together out of some old *Darneux* Curtains; what their Impress was I could not learn. Their Drums were Pails and small Tubs, headed with Pedigrees, which made a terrible Noise; their Officers, for Distinction, instead of Scarves and Corslets, wore great Bunches of Leeks in their Hats. When their Names were call'd over, you would have concluded you had heard the Mutter-roll of *Xerxes's* Army, but 'twas only, *Vox, & præterea nihilia*.

As I cast my Eyes around, I espied an Object, that methought (in regard of his rueful Looks, and wretched Habit) were intitled to Compassion, if not Charity; and he seem'd, with a very moving, tho' dumb Rhetorick, to invite me to a Conference; but, blest me! How easily are we Mortals mistaken? This very individual numerical Animal, who was the absolute Hieroglyphick of a Scarecrow, instead of asking me an Alms, as I verily expected, came to proffer me a Fee, or rather Bribe; for it seems, some malicious Neighbours of his had a Month's Mind to make him High-Sheriff  
of

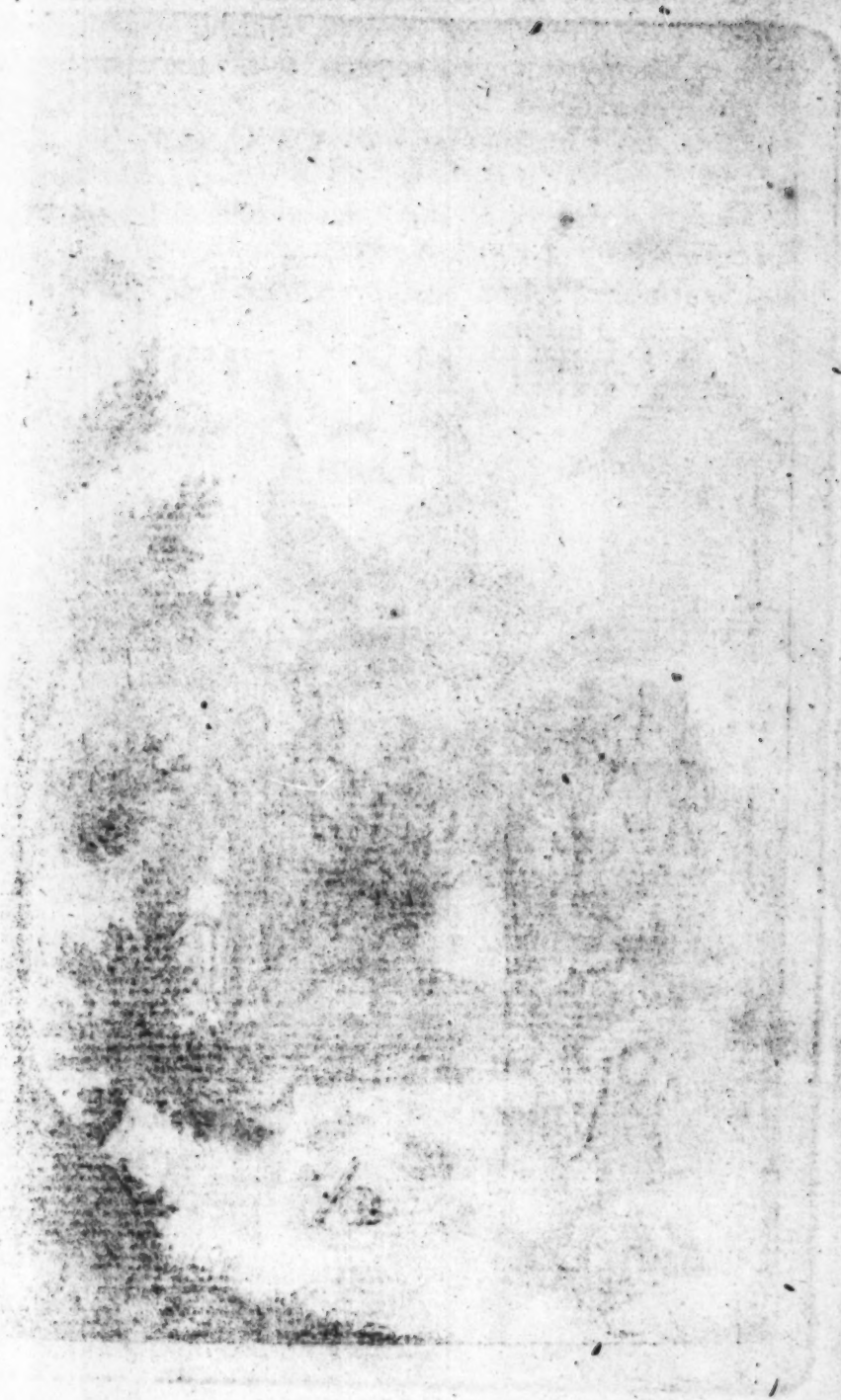
of the County, he being a substantial Gentleman, worth Sixty Pounds *per Annum*, and he was desirous to use my supposed Interest with the Judges to get him excus'd.

Thus was I introduc'd into the Circuit; what further memorable Passages did occur in, and out of Court, I design, if this meets with a friendly Reception, to make the Subject of a Second Part, and so for the present shall give a little Repose to my Pen and Fingers-ends.

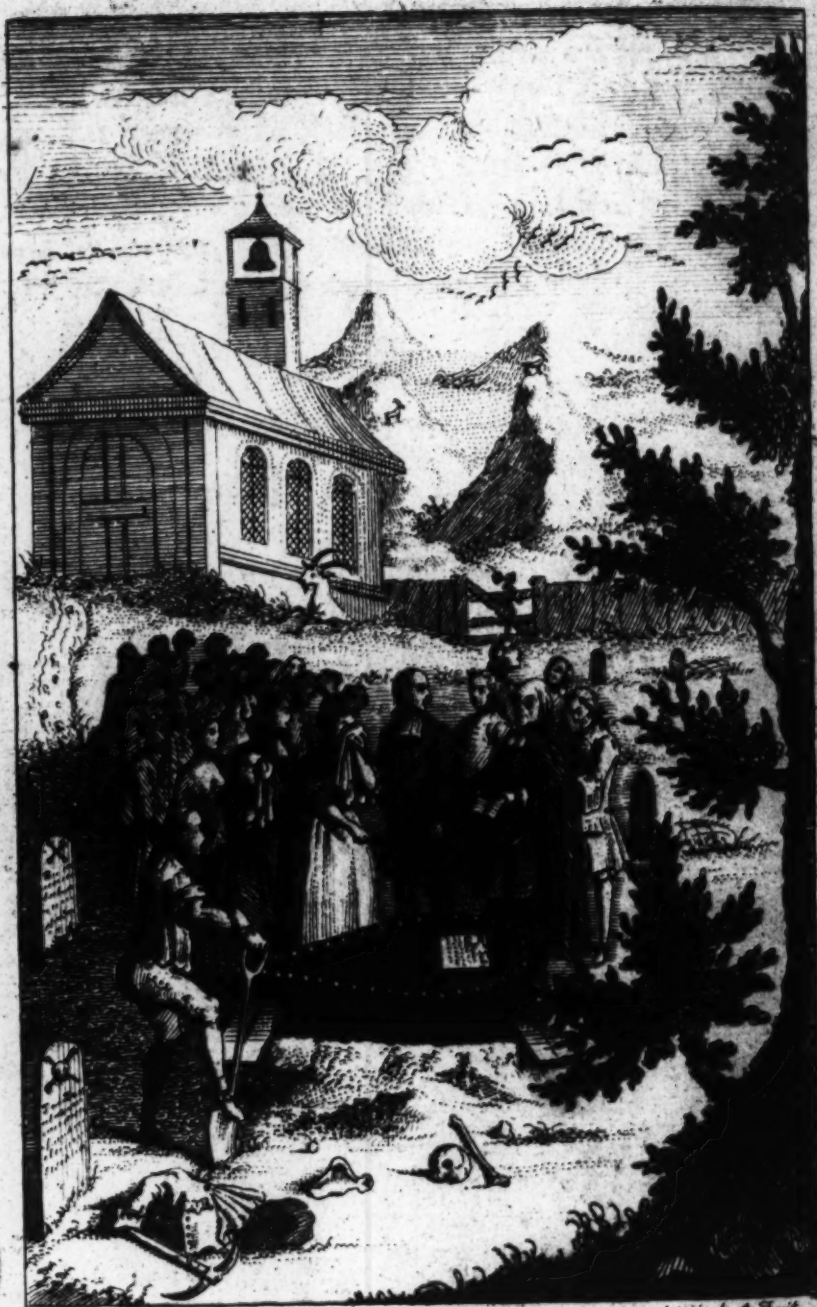


A FUNERAL

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*Hallett inv. & Scult.*




A

# Funeral SERMON,

Preached by the

PARSON OF LANGWILLIN.

EARLY beloved Prethren; I am here among you to make a creat Preachment upon a tead Body: My Text is in the ten and twentieth Chapter of the *Macabes*, the Verse, indeed, I cannot very well remember, but I am sure it was there; the Words are these, *Figurate & orate*, that is to say, *Watch and pray*. I will stick to my Text, I will warrant you: Our Creat-Crand-Father *Adam* was a fery good old Man, inteed, inteed, Truth he was; and li'd in Cod's own House, in Paradise, a fery fine Place, I will warrant you; he had all Things provided to his Hands, he needed not to puy a Spoon or a Nocking, he hat all Sorts of Trees, as Plumb-trees, Pear-trees, Sherry-trees, and Codling-trees, but for want of Good-take-heed, hur was fall. Our Creat-Crand-Mother *Eve*, a Pox take her for a Plague, Pago must needs go rop an Orchard, the Tephil shew'd hur the Way, for there is no Mis-

G

chief

82      A Funeral Sermon, &c.

chief on Foot, but the Tephil and the Woman must have a Finger in the Pie; so hur was come Home, and perluade hur Husband to eat some of hur stolen Apple, it was Cod's Mercy it did not stick in hur Throat and choak him: After this, she was profe with Child, and prought to pet of prafe Poy, and call hur Name, I cannot fery well remember—Oh, *Cain*; yea, *Cain*; it was this prafe Poy, but unlucky Rogue, like hur Mother: After this, hur was prought to ped of nother prafe Poy, and call hur Name *Apel*, oh, that was cood Lad; and now I come to part with my Text; hur was pray, and had hur watch too, before Cod, hur Prother *Cain* had not come behind her Pack and knock hur Prains out; this was murthering Fillan, so hur was forced to our-run hur Country, and so into a strange Land, which taught hur strange Tricks: O this Sin of Murther, my beloved, prought heafy Shudgment upon the Earth, and what do you think it was? I will tell you then, It prought these Lawyers and Pum-pailiffs, to rop the People of their Estate and Money; after this my beloved, was come another Sin upon the Earth, and prought heafier Shudgment along with it, and what do you think that was? I will tell you then, It prought these consuming Catpillers, these destroying Locusts, these hellish Vermin, join'd together with Excise-men and Custom-house Officers, to pry into every Nook, and look into every Corner for Trop of cood Trink marry; Cod confound them all, and from them, *libera nos Domine*, that is to say, *Cood Lord deliver us*: My beloved, peware, I peceech, of this loathsome Sine of Trunkeness, for our Creat-Crand-Father *Noah* had no sooner scape Scouring in the Ark, and cot safe to Land again, put he went to the first Ale-house he could find, and there was Trink, trink, trink all Day, and all Night, and then come Home trunk,



trunk, and puse hur Family, so I doubt it is with to many of you: My pelosed, at the treadful Day of Shugment, when the Pastors shall be call'd to gise an Account of the Sheep delifer'd to their Sharge, and when the poor unworthy Parson of *Langwillin* shall be call to gise an Account for the Sheep delifer to my Charge, and when the Lord call, I will not hear; and when hur call again, I will not answer; and when hur call a third Time, I will say as old *Ely* bid *Samuel* say, Lord, speak, thy Servant heareth thee; and when he ask me for the Sheep delifer'd to my Sharge, pefore Cod, I will tell him flat and plain, you are all turn'd Coats, (i. e.) Goats.



I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.





THE  
*Welch School-Master:*  
BEING SOME  
Natural Observations made in  
the School of *Llandwffwrhwy.*

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By R. P. During his Residence there.

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*Llandwffwrhwy, March 1, 1708.*

S I R,



EEING your Papers communicated to the Publick in the most ingenious Transactions of the *Royal Society*; and being fir'd, I hope, or rather presume, with a Desire and Expectation of equal Glory, I recollected that Saying of Mr. Cowley,

*Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim tollere humo.*



And thence, upon serious Recollection of past Accidents of my Life, I thought it might not be unuseful to Posterity, nor to Mankind at present, to give an Account of what happened to me since I first came to be a School-master.

In the memorable Year 1688, being an hundred Years after the *Spanish Invasion*, and twenty Years before this present Year, as may appear by the most exact Calculation, a Person, whose Goodness is greater than my Deserts, prefer'd me to the School of *Llandwysfwrby*: At my coming to the Town, I found Persons of all Sorts and Sexes, Men, Women and Children; and that Day (as I shall always remember) there was a Woman brought-to-bed of seven live Children, which dying soon after, were put into a Tray, being half Boys and half Girls, viz. three Boys and three Girls, and one Hermaphrodite. I could not but wonder how Persons should be so prolifick, in so barren a Place; for the Town was surrounded with large Mountains, nor did you come into it any Way upon arable Land; for there is but one Way to the Town or Parish, and that was not convenient for a Coach and six Horses to turn in. This is all expressed in the very Name of *Llandwysfwrby*, for *w* is significant of a Mountain, and the more *w*'s there are in a Town's Name, the more Mountains about it. Now there are few Towns in *Wales* without a *w*. The Name of the very Country itself beginning with it, shews it to be the predominant Letter of the Nation. Now *w* in this Town's Name being four times multiplied into itself, produces *w* four, or the fourth Power of the Root *w*, which is equal to *w*. Mountains quadratically multiplied into *w*. Mountains which makes a Power of Mountains. The Word *Llan* is the same that the *Scotch* and *Irish* pronounce *Clan*, which signifies a Company of People

People of the same Lineage; and, indeed, I found in this Town, not only all of them a-kin each to the other, but likewise to all *Welchmen* besides: And, which most surprized me, as they said, were all Gentlemen. The Word *Dwarf* is not unlike in Sound and Signification to the *English* Word *Tuff*, *Ruff*, *Gruff*. The Word *Rwbwy* is likewise the same as the *English* Word *Crooked* or *Awry*, so that the Pedigree of the Name of *Lland-wyfwrbwy* being thus explained, it appears to be a Town encompassed with Mountains, with a rough crooked Way leading to it.

These Mountains seem to be nothing else but a Composition of such hard, rocky, marmoreous, flinty, lapideous, stony, scopulous, torry, cretacious, obdurate, petrifactory, intractable, indissoluble; and, in a Word, mountainous Matter, as the Deluge could not carry away, nor the Rains, for many infinite Numbers of Years, altho' (*Gutta cavat Lapidem*) be able to penetrate, nor, indeed, cause such an Impression upon them, as they might become fit for plowing or pasturing.

Now speaking of Mountains, I cannot but take Notice, that amongst them is a Sort of a Animal that is neither Sheep nor Cow, but serves the Inhabitants instead of both; it is endued with Gravity, and bearded like a Philosopher, from its Infancy; its Savour is of the rankest, and its Manners inclined to Voluptuousness; it ascends those Mountains with great Facility, without any Help of Stairs or Ladder, even to the utmost Summit, where its Owner dares not follow, and a Telescope is wanting to survey its Proportion; it is very moderate in its Diet, and lives upon much less than a Maid and Cat at board Wages; so that, in that Point, I can compare it to nothing but a Hackney Horse, that is left to feed upon Rack-Staves, or some of my Acquaintance and yours,

that will flea a Flint upon Occasion. The Sides of some of these Mountains are not impervious by Art with such Instruments as Pick-Axes, Maundrills, Sledges, Iron Crows, Spades, and such-like Things: Within the Veins lies a bituminous, sulphurious and opaque Sort of Brittle Stones, combustible, inflamable; which being carried first in Wheel-barrows, and afterwards in Carts, to the Town, is by the Inhabitants called Pitt-coal, with which the most industrious young Gentlewomen of the Family generally makes a Fire, which serves for many Uses, as warming their Fingers in Winter, brewing their Ale, seldom for washing their Linnen, sometimes for toasting their Noses, but daily for toasting their Cheele. Wood Faggots are scarcer here than at *Bath* or *Northampton*; I have seen some Fruit-trees in the adjoining Vallies, particularly one, whose Delicuioufness is protected with many ringent Excreffences, and its Fruits is black when 'tis red, and red when 'tis green: There are several Trees of above a Foot high, which bear a Plum called *Drumwbyddyth*, almost as good, if not the same, as you and the *North Britains* call a Slow, or a Slee: Ashes, Elms, Oaks and Crab-trees we have none, so that we have no Conveniency of a Gallows nearer than *Chester*. As for our Grass it is as long as that upon any of your Heaths whatsoever; and for Hay it is just enough to frighten a fat Ox, *dry up a Milch Cow, and starve a Horse*. One Thing I must further observe to you, that within the Parish, about half a Mile from the Church, is a pretty Farm called *Llandavie*, where formerly *St. David's* Ancestors lived; it is composed of Sand, broken Stones, Gravel and Rubbish, brought, as we suppose, from the neighbouring Hill: The ancient Edifice consists of one large Room, in which there is an Apartment for the Gentry, divided



vided by several Furze Faggots from the Offices, where usually lodge a Poney, a Cow, and a Calf, and two Milch Goats, when they are so civil to come home, for calling for. The whole Farm is a Thousand Nine Hundred Yards in Compass, and Sixteen, Eighteen and Twenty Yards in Breadth: It's scarce conceivable how considerable a Rent it yields to the Lord Ap Noah, whose Ancestors purchased it from the Lord Ap Methusalem. But to come more properly to my own Habitation, in the School of which, next under her Majesty, I am supream Head and Governor: It was built, or rather hewed, out of a Rock, by Raynar, alias Morgan Dha, that is the good Morgan in the Days, and by the Command of the Patriarch Enoch Dha; all the Damage it sustained by the Flood, was contracting some Damp; but Japhet knowing what Wales was, sent his eldest Son Price ap Japhet, who coming there, endowed the School with twenty Chaldron of Coals yearly, which noble Benefaction] does, or at least should, still continue. Since the Flood there have been four Hundred and Sixty-six, and I am the four Hundred and Sixty-seventh Master. Before the Flood, they living long, there were but two, Price ap Evan Dha the good, and Davie ap Shones Gorma, or the naughty; in whose Time the Flood came: So that, by adding two to four Hundred and Sixty-seven, if I am not mistaken, I am the four Hundred and Sixty-ninth Master from Raynar, alias Morgan Dha the Founder, and God bless him, and Price ap Japhet too.

When I came to the School, I found but four that could read without Book, and never a-one but one that could write, and he could not write neither, for he had neither Pen, Ink, nor Paper, nor his Father before him; but I, and my Usher, who is my Wife, by great Industry, encreased my

my School to six, all the most considerable Persons of the Parish sending their Sons and Daughters to us; so that then I had two that could read fair, that could not read, and never a-one that could write; and, by the Mathematicks, it's easy to calculate how much they improved: It is remarkable, I had never a Scholar under two Years old, nor any much more than thirty, tho' I have in other Places known several that have been upwards of forty. As my Scholars were preferred to Shoes and Stockings, they went off; so that, as I remember, at one Triennial Visitation of the Bishop's, the School-master of *Llandwysfwrthwy* being called, was asked by the Bishop how many Scholars he had? I answered, I had none; for, by great Industry, I had so accomplished them, that their Parents, by my Advice, according to their Capacities, had thought fit to provide for them in the bordering Counties, some to feed Sheep, and some to steal them.

Near this Town is the finest Garden in the World; for it is most productive of Leeks, and those the most redolent: It is the ancient Garden of *St. David*; from whence he took the victorious Leeks, with which his Soldiers were crowned. To this Day it is enclosed with a natural Stone Wall, upon which is this Inscription:

*Dwyth, Lwyd, Dwynnyth,  
Llwyd, Dwyth, Wbynnnyth,  
Wbynnnyth, Llwyd, Wbyn,  
Llwyd, Wbynnnyth, Gwynn,  
Gwynn, Dwynnyth, Whyth,  
Wbynnnyth, Llwyd, Dwyth.*

It is observable, that in this Inscription there are but eight Letters, but each of them, by the different placing of Words, is significant of several Things,

Things; from which I think it is plainly demonstrable, that in *St. David's* Time the *Welch* had only these eight Letters, D, G, H, L, N, T, W, Y, one of which Letters, *viz.* H, is generally said to be no Letter, so that we cannot positively affirm these eight Letters to be more than seven, and that the rest have been added unnecessarily by the Superfluity and Luxuriousness of after Ages, to express such Habits, Diet and Utensils as were unknown to the ancient *Britains*. I think I may not have injured them by the following Translation:

*Come Britons, come, and each recieve  
Such verdant Leek as tempted Eve,  
Transplanted here from Paradise,  
'Twill safely make the Brave and Wise.  
'Tis with this Scent we will oppose  
The Sweetness of the English Rose.*

I design you a second; in the mean Time, *Vale,*  
*Vir doctissime, & Societatem summam qua decet observantia meo Nomine saluta.*

Tuus per omnes Casus,

R. P.

THE



The British Schoolmaster

things; from which it is plainly demon-  
strable, that in the British School, and  
only these eight letters, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z, are generally  
Y, one of which letters, viz. H, is generally  
said to be not used, to that we cannot positively  
admit these eight letters to be more than seven,  
and that the rest have been added unnecessarily by  
the capriciousness and inconstancy of the  
to express their feelings. Distinctness and  
unknown to the British Schoolmaster. I think I may  
not have injured them by the following Transla-

Some British letters, and each letter  
which is not used as a letter, I  
will explain to you in a few words.  
You will find that the letters and words  
The British letters are well known  
The British letters are well known

I desire you a second; in the next time, you  
will find the British letters and words  
The British letters are well known

Thus we come to the

R. P.





*Knighlin.*

*Hulott sculp.*



MUSCIPULA:  
OR, THE  
MOUSE-TRAP.  
A  
POEM.

---

*Written in Latin*

By E. HOLDSWORTH, of *Magd. Coll. OXON.*

*Made English*

By SAMUEL COBB, M.A. late of *Trinity-  
College, CAMBRIDGE.*

---

————— *Inhuman Men,*  
*Skilful in Guile and Mischief, have contriv'd*  
*A dire Machine, full of insidious Fraud,*  
*They call a TRAP, a mortal Foe to MICE.*  
*Homer's Batr.*

---

L O N D O N:  
Printed in the Year M.DCC.XLII.

# MUSEIPULA,

SIVE

## KAMBRO-MYO-MAXIA.



Onticolam Britonem, qui primus Vincula  
Muri

Finxit, & ingenioso occlusit Carcere Furem,  
Leibalesque Dolos, & inextricabile Fatum,  
Musa refer. Tu, Phœbe potens, (nam  
te quoq; quondam

Muribus infestum dixerunt Smynthea Vates)

O! faveas; & tot Cambrorum è Montibus, unum


Accipiens vice Pindi, adsis, dum pingere versu

Res tenues, humilique juvat colludere Musâ.

Mus, inimicum animal, prædari, & vivere rapto  
Suetum, impunè diu, Spolii quâ innata Libido

Jusserat

THE  
MOUSE-TRAP.  
A  
P O E M.

ING; MUSE, the BRITON, who on  
Mountains bred,  
And like *Saturnian Jove*, with Goat's  
Milk fed,  
In the close Prison of a wiry House,  
By Magic Cunning, first incag'd a *Mouse*;  
Notorious Felon, the dire Charms relate  
Which hurry'd on inextricable Fate:  
And thou, O PHÆBUS, if that Sound delight  
Thy willing Ear, to aid the Poet's Flight,  
Or rather SMYNTHEUS thy Attention claim,  
To ancient *Mice* a formidable Name:  
Now in my Breast let all thy Favour throng,  
And guide me in this unattempted Song.  
For sake thy wonted *Pindus*, to descend  
From *Cambrian* Mountains, and my Toil befriend;  
While I, delighted with the Task, rehearse  
Small Actions, painted in heroic Verse.

A *Mouse*, a Creature of that salvage Kind,  
Whom Nature form'd with a voracious Mind,  
Had long, unpunish'd, by successful Toil  
Florish'd on Rapine, and grown rich with Spoil.  
Secure he rang'd, and, like a Villain, ply'd,  
Where Hunger prompted, and where Laws deny'd.

By



*Fusserat, eripuit, sceleratam exercuit Artem  
 Impavidus, saliensque hinc illinc, cuncta maligno  
 Corrupt Dente, & Patina male lussit in omni.  
 Nil erat intactum, sed ubique domesticus Hostis  
 Assiduus covirod a derat, non Mœnia Furtis  
 Obstare, aut Vêstes poterant servare Placentas,  
 Robustæ fores; quâ non data Porta, peredit  
 Ipse sibi introitum, Dapibusq; indulsit inemptis.*

*Pestis at hæc totum dum serpsit inulta per Orbem,  
 Cambria præcipuè flevit, quia Caseus illic  
 Multus olet, quem Mus non, æquè ac plurima, libat,  
 Aut leviter tantùm arrodit, sed Dente frequenti  
 Excavat, interiùsque Domos exculpit edules.*

*Gens tota incensa est super his, Rabiesq; Dolorque  
 Discruciant Animos, frendent, juga summa pererrant,  
 Stare loco ignorant, nam Cambris prona Furori  
 Corda calent, subitâque ignescunt Pectora bile,  
 Cum Digitis, credas Animos quoque Sulphure tinctos.*

*Ergò, jubente Irâ, dignas cum Sanguine Pœnas  
 Sumere decretum est, sed quâ Ratione Latronem  
 Tam cautum illaqueent, quo vindice Furta repellant*

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*The Mouse-Trap.*

87

By quick Excursions on each Dish he prey'd,  
And spoil'd the Viands where his Teeth were laid.  
The nimble Rover, at each private Feast,  
Intruded boldly, an unbidden Guest.

Not Towers of Brass, nor Doors of Steel cou'd bar  
The greedy Tyrant from invading War.

Cheese-cakes and Tarts, to stop his raging Lust,  
Were fortify'd in vain with brittle Crust.

With unbought Victory his Arms were crown'd,  
He found no Bars, or eat through what he found.

But while o'er all the World this Poison crept,  
Which, unreveng'd, the Desolation wept.

Wales chiefly mourn'd the ruinous Disease,

A Nation fam'd for Valour, and for *Cheese*;

*Cheese*, the consummate Dish, and sound Delight

For which alone a *Mouse* would *Custards* slight.

For those by Fits, with nice and careless Play,

He licks, and wantons in the milky Way.

But *Cheese* supplies him with a double Treat,

At Noon to riot, and at Night retreat,

And be at once his Lodging, and his Meat.

This does their Passion, Grief and Anger raise,

And kindles the warm Nation to a Blaze;

They tear and rave, and o'er the Mountains run,

Fly to all Places, but at Ease in none.

For, as old Bards have in their Verses sung,

The *Cambrian* Hearts with Wrath are quickly stung,

As if their Souls, so wondrous prone to Ire,

Weré ting'd with Brimstone, and as soon took Fire.

Nettled alike, now all consent to shed

Their bloody Vengeance on the cursed Head

Of the vile Caitiff; how they might insnare

The wary Robber, was their prudent Care.

Long they debated on the surest Course,

Or secret Stratagem; or open Force;

And what brave Captain should their Army lead,

And quell the Monster in extremest Need.

H

The

98 M U S C I P U L A.

*Incertum ; neque Felis enim tua, Cambre, tueri  
Teſta, nec adverſis poterat ſuccurrere Rebus.  
Illa quidem varias poſuit circum Ora cavernæ  
Inſidias, tacitoque Pede ad Cava Limina repens  
Excubias egit ; fruſtrâ : Mus nempe puſillo  
Corpore ſecurus, tantò & præſtantior hoſte  
Quo minor, intentum Prædæ ſi forte videret  
Cuſtodem aute fores, retro irruit, inque reſceſſus  
Auſugit curves, atque invia Felibus Antra :  
Inde Caput metuens iterum proferre, nec auſus  
Excurſus tentare novos, niſi Caſtra moverer  
Prædo, atq; omne aberat vigili cum Fele Peric'lum,*

*Sic Cambri (Cambros liceat componere Muri)  
Eluſere Hoſtes, cùm Julius, Orbe ſubaſſo,  
Imperio adjecit Britonas ; ſic nempè reſceſſit  
Ad Latebras Gens tota, & inexpugnabile Vallum,  
Montes ; ſic ſua Saxa inter, medioque Ruinæ  
Delituit tuta, & deſperans vincere, vinci  
Noluit ; hinc priſcos memorant longo Ordine Patres,  
Indomitasque crepant Terras, Linguæque ſeneſtam.*

*Felinos igitur poſtquam Mus ſæpius ungues  
Fugerat, & Britoni Spes non erat ulla Salutis  
A ſocio Belli, ſupremo in Limite Terræ  
Concilium accitur, quâ nunc Menevia plorat  
Curatos Mitræ Titulos, & Nomen inane  
Semi-ſepultæ Urbis ; properant hinc inde frequentes  
Patresque, Procereſque, & Odorum Sulphure Vulgus.*

*Tum*

The conquering *Cat*, who many Battles won,  
By whom the Race was *only not undone*,  
Was now deem'd useless; tho' she us'd to keep  
A wakeful Guard, and nigh his Fastness creep,  
Or watch his Cavern with pretended Sleep.  
In vain the Thief, behind his Lines immur'd,  
Was by his native Littleness secur'd.

This was his Bulwark, and from hence he draws  
A strong Advantage on more potent Claws.  
For if by Chance he smelt the *Sentry's* Face,  
Backward he sunk to his retiring Place,  
Unpassable by stern *Grimalkin's* Race.

Nor with new Sallies ventur'd out his Head,  
'Till Danger with the watchful *Pirate* fled.  
Safe in his Harbour, 'till the Coast was clear,  
Which help'd his Courage, and secur'd his Fear,

So when great CÆSAR kept the World in Awe,  
And *Britain* yielded to the *Roman Law*,

(If Custom the Comparison allows  
Of Great with Small, a *Welshman* with a *Mouse*)  
The *Welsh* intrench'd, to shun the last of Ills,  
And burrough'd in their known impervious Hills,  
To Nature's Rampires the whole Nations flocks,  
And skulks behind impenetrable Rocks.  
Despair compell'd them oft to quit the Field;  
They could not conquer, and they would not yield.  
Hence of CADWALLADARS, and a long Row  
Of Ancestors, some thousand Years ago,  
They vaunt, as Heralds born, and proudly boast  
Their ancient Language, and unconquer'd Coast.

Since then the *Mouse* with adversary Guiles  
Had oft out general'd *Grimalkin's* Wiles;  
And *Cambria* could no farther Hope delcry;  
Or from the Claws, or Craft of her Ally:  
A Parliament is summon'd to appear  
And meet in Council on the Land's Frontier.  
Where now *St. David's*, once a noble Name,  
Mourns her lost Titles, and diminish'd Fame:



# 100 MUSCIPULA.

*Tum Senior, cui sæpè suis in Montibus Hircus  
 Prolixam invidit Barbam, cuique Ora Manusque  
 Prisca incrustavit Scabies, spectabilis Aulà  
 Stat medià, fractus Senio, Postique reclinis  
 Cambrorum vexato Humeris ; Et Gutturè ab imo  
 Densas præcipitans Voces, non, " inquit, aperto  
 " De Cello, sed Furto agitur ; non exterus Hostis,  
 " Sed majus graviusque Malum, nimis intimus Hospes,  
 " Compulit huc Populum ; dominabitur usq; Tyrannus  
 " Mus petulans ? Vos, ergo Patres, Venerabilis Ordo,  
 " Quis Patriæ pretiosa Salus, finite Dolores  
 " Consilio tantos, Et si Spes ulla supersit,  
 " Propitias adhibete Manus : sic Cadwaladeri  
 " Dum clarescat Honos, vestra hîc quoq; Gloria crescet.*

*Dixit, Et ante Oculous Fragmenta, Et mucida tollens  
 Frustula, Reliquias Furti, Monumenta Rapinæ,  
 Exacuit Cambrorum Iras : Nunc æmulus Ardor  
 Vindictæ, nunc Ladis Amor, sub Pectore Patrum  
 Ardet, inauditam meditatur quisque Ruinam  
 Muri, Muscipulamq; statim extudit omne Cereberum.*

Hither the Fathers, Lords, and Mob repair  
And strong with Brimstone scent the ambient Air:

At this full Congress an old Sage appear'd  
With hoary Head, and venerable Beard,  
Envy'd by Goats, which on the Mountains graze;  
His Hands all o'er incrusted, and his Face  
Foul with the known Distemper of the Place.  
Worn out with Years, he on a Post reclin'd,  
Which *Cambrian* Shoulders often us'd to grind,  
Unloaded the Resentment of his Mind.

He turn'd his Whiskers with a graceful Stroke,  
And in deep Tone, thus the grave Father spoke.  
" We're not assembled to provide Relief  
" 'Gainst open Foes, but a clandestine Thief:  
" No fierce Invader from some foreign Part,  
" But lodg'd and harbour'd in the Country's Heart:  
" The barb'rous Tyrant rages where he please,  
" And, absolute, invades our Lorded Cheese.  
" O Woe! O Grief of Griefs! O gallant Shame  
" To the try'd Valour of the *Cambrian* Name!  
" Shall we obey a sawcy Mouse, whose Rules  
" Are absolute, and made for passive Fools:  
" No—let it ne'er be said—but let us try  
" Our Force, and conquer in the Cause, or die.  
" Grave Senators, and venerable Peers,  
" Your Country's Sword and Shield, remove our Fears.  
" If any Hope or Remedy be left,  
" Unite, and combat with the growing Theft:  
" So shall your Arms our ancient Fame renew,  
" And brave CADWALLADARS revive in you.

He said, and then exposing to their Sight  
Half-eaten Relicks of the Tyrant's Spite;  
Trophies of Rapine, which too sure betray  
How by the Dint of Teeth he forc'd his Way,  
And printed Conquest on his mouldy Prey.  
This stings the Blood, this blows the raging Fire,  
And with new Fuel feeds the *Cambrian* Lie.

*At Quidam ante allos notus Cognomine Taffi,  
 Et magis ingenio Celebris, cui Wallia nunquam  
 Æqualem peperit, Faber idem, idemque Senator,  
 " Eximius, sic orsus erat ; si Gloria Gentis  
 " Caseus intereat, metuo ne tota Colonum  
 " Deficiat cæna, & Mensæ Decus omne secundæ  
 " Divitibus pereat ; quoniam ergo Wallica Virtus,  
 " Et Feles nequeant superare hæc Monstra, fabrilis  
 " Dexteræa quid possit, quid Machina vafra, Dolique,  
 " Experiar ; Dolus, an Virtus, quis in Hoste requirit ?*

*Talia jactantem circumstant undique fixis  
 Hærentes Oculis, sperataque Gaudia læto  
 Murmure certatim testantur, & unde Salutem  
 Promissam expectent, rogitant, ardentque doceri.*

*Ille Caput scalpens, (nam multum scalpere Cambris  
 Expedit) horrendum subrisit, & ora resolvens  
 Talia Verba refert. " Cum sessus Membra Quietis  
 " Hesternâ*



This in their Hearts does Emulation breed,  
Some dire Revenge, and some th' heroic Deed  
Inflames with Thrift of Glory; all contend  
By various Deaths to work the Robber's End,  
And hammer on the Anvil of their Brain  
Incredible Machines of cruel Pain.

The bearded Sires are on Destruction bent,  
And Fortune labours with the vast Event.

But one above the rest was most renown'd,  
TAPHY his Name, than whom was never found  
A smarter Genius in the Country round.

No Blacksmith for a Senator more fit,  
Surpassing all at Hammer or at Wit.  
He wav'd the greasy Profits of his Trade,  
Whenever injur'd WALES implor'd his Aid.

In Words, like these, the brave illustrious Man  
Attack'd his Audience, and he thus began;

" Fathers and Brethren, if the Fame decrease  
" Of our rich Morsels, and our envy'd Cheese,  
" The hungry Ploughman will most Damage feel,  
" And lose at Supper a substantial Meal.  
" The Wealthy too will have a Loser's Share,  
" And crown no Banquets with the dainty Fare.  
" Since they nor we are able to withstand  
" The salvage Monsters which infest the Land;  
" Since nor *Grimalkin's* Strength, nor Fraud prevail,  
" I'll try, if this Right Hand, this Head will fail.  
" 'Tis all the same, if with Success we meet,  
" Whether we gain by Valour or Deceit.

This strikes the Reverend Council with Surprise;  
They gape, and stare, and listen with their Eyes.

A sudden Joy does every Heart dilate  
In silent Wishes for their better Fate,  
To know the Means they earnestly desire,  
And what, and when, and where, and how inquire?

Then TAPHY scratch'd his Head, a Pleasure grown  
Familiar to the *Cambrian* Clime alone.

104 M U S C I P U L A.

" *Hesternâ sub Nocte dedi, & Sapor obruit altus*  
 " *Lumina, Mus audax scētatus, opinor, Odores*  
 " *Quos non concoctus pingui exhalavit ab Ore*  
 " *Caleus, accessit furim, & compage solutis*  
 " *Faucibus Ventris Opes rapere, hesternamq; paravit*  
 " *Heu! malè munito furari è Guttore Canam.*  
 " *Excussus subito Somnis, sub Denbe Latronem,*  
 " *Dum resilire parat, prensi, frustra que rebellem*  
 " *Mordaci Vinclo astringi. Sic Carcere Murem*  
 " *Posse capi instructus, nova mox Ergastula, mecum*  
 " *Hæc meditans, statui fabricare, Animoq; Catenas*  
 " *Effinxi tales, mihi quas suggererat Oris*  
 " *Captivus. Mirum O! quali regit omnia Lege*  
 " *Dextra Arcana Jovis! Quam cæcis Passibus errat*  
 " *Causarum Series! Mobis Mus ipse Salutem*  
 " *Inventus dedit, & quos attulit ante Dolores,*  
 " *Tollere jam docuit; neve hunc habuisse Magistrum*  
 " *Vos pudeat, Patres; Fas est vel ab Hoste doceri,*

*Hæc ubi dicta, Damum repetit, comitantur euntem*  
*Plaudentes Populi, atque benigna Laboribus optant*  
*Omnia. Tum celeri sua quisque ad Limina Cursum*  
*Nuncius it, Laribusque refert, quæ Munera Taffi*  
*mnenio speranda forent; dumque Ordine narrant*  
*Isnia, dumque Deis, ut tanta Incepta secudent,*

*Vota*

*The Mouse-Trap.* 105

He grinn'd a horrid Laugh, and thus he said ;  
 " When Yester Night had cast her silent Shade,  
 " And me surrender'd to refreshing Sleep,  
 " Which on my Limbs and Eyes began to creep :  
 " A Mouse audacious follow'd by Degrees  
 " The fumy Streams of unconcocted Cheese,  
 " Which from my Mouth I threw ; the Pyrate leap'd  
 " Thro' my unguarded Jaws, and down she slipp'd  
 " Into my Bowels, and began to prey  
 " On th' undigested Meals of Yesterday.  
 " But while his Way the Thief returning sought,  
 " I snapt him, and betwixt my Grinders caught ;  
 " Wak'd from my Sleep at some surprizing  
 " (Thought ; }  
 " In vain the Rebel struggled, and in vain  
 " Us'd his poor Strength to break the biting Chain.  
 " This Hint, at last, revolving in my Mind,  
 " How Mice might be subdu'd, if once confin'd ;  
 " The Notions crouded in my teeming Head,  
 " And a new Prison and new Fetters made,  
 " From such a Model fashion'd and dispos'd,  
 " As the late Captive of my Teeth inclos'd.  
 " O wondrous ! by what Art, what secret Springs  
 " The Hand of *Jove* moves sublunary Things !  
 " How Nature does a constant Tenour keep !  
 " And what Effects from unthought Causes leap !  
 " Th' instructive Mouse has taught us now to save  
 " Our Cheese, and make the Conqueror a Slave, }  
 " And tho' unwilling cures the Wounds he gave. }  
 " Nor blush, grave Sires, that to a Mouse you owe }  
 " The Stratagem to work his Overthrow ; }  
 " 'Tis wise to take Instructions from a Foe. }  
 This said, the Congress rose, and TAPHY strait  
 To his respective Home repairs in State :  
 Peals of Applause from th' attending Throng  
 Wounded the *Æther*, as he past along.  
 The tattling Nurses spread abroad his Fame,  
 And lisping Infants stammer out his Name :

All



106 MUSCIPULA.

*Vota ferunt, monita præsago Pectore Feles,  
Plus solito lufere, & (fi fas credere Famæ)  
Sub Manibus Matrum saliere Coagula Lactis.*

*Intereâ Taffi Manibusque Animoque viciffim  
Instat magno Operi, & Divinâ Palladis Arte  
Muscipulam ædificat; fit Machina mira, novâque  
Induitur Vultûs specie Tragi-comica Moles.*

*Quin age, si tibi, Musa, vacat, Spectacula Pandas  
Infantis Fabricæ, & percurrens fingula, totam  
Compagem expedis. Quadrati Lamina Ligni  
Summum imumque tegit, Filorum Ferreus Ordo  
Munit utrumque latus, parvisque uti fulta Columnis  
Stat Domus; Introitus patet infidiosus, Amicum  
Muribus Hospitium ostentatus; sed desuper borret  
Janua, Perniciem minitans, tenuique Ruina  
Suspensa est Filo; (usque adeò sua Stamina Parca  
Muribus intexunt, & pendent Omnia Filo.)  
In summo Tecti, mediâque in Parte Tabellæ,  
Stat Lignum, erectum, scisso cum Vertice, cui Trabs  
Parvula transversim inseritur, justèque librata  
Utrinque extendit Palmas, quarum altera quantum  
Deprimitur, tantum annexam levât altera Portam.  
Interiore Domo, per Tecti exile Foramen  
Demissum pendet Ferrum, quod mobile ludit  
Huc illic facili tactu; curvatur in Hamum  
Infima Pars, Escamque tenet; Pars altera prendit  
Perfidiosa Trabem extremam, at cum senferit Hostem*

*Lethales*

*The Mouse-Trap.* 107

All full of TAPHY, none but TAPHY sing,  
What Wonders from his mighty Wit would spring;  
How great the Nation's *better-Hope* would grow  
By conquering an hereditary Foe.

But while they offer up their Prayers, to bless  
His Brains ingenious Issue with Success,  
Lo! wond'rous to beho'd! the sober Cat,  
Who by the Fire but now demurely sat,  
Brisk as a Kitling, twirl'd her boding Tail,  
And, if the Faith of Poets may prevail,  
The Curds were seen to dance within the Milking }  
(Pail. }

Mean time with Tooth and Nail, with Hand and  
( Brain,

Did TAPHY, like another VULCAN, strain;  
While PALLAS help'd him with her Art and Oil,  
To finish his divine, laborious Toil,  
A MOUSE-TRAP call'd, nor heard before, nor seen,  
A wond'rous *Tragi-Comical* Machine.

And now, my Muse, do thou vouchsafe to smile, }  
Describe this Fabric in no vulgar Stile, }  
And paint the nicest Parts of the stupendous Pile; }  
In Form quadrangular two Planks are laid,  
One founds the Basis, and one crowns the Head,  
The Sides around are fortify'd with Wires,  
On which strong Columns the whole House aspires.  
An Entry does insidiously entice  
With hospitable Look the Pilgrim *Mice*:  
But from above depends a threat'ning Board,  
Hung by a Twine, like DAMOCLES' Sword.  
(So all are serv'd by Fates, who weave the Doom)  
Of Mice and Men upon one common Loom!  
High on the Surface of the Fabrick stands  
A Pole, on whose notch'd Head a Beam expands  
Its wooden Arms, and pois'd alike in all,  
One End mounts upwards by the other's Fall.  
Within the Dome a slender Wire depends,  
Which from the Top thro' a small Hole descends,

Which

# 108 MUSCIPULA.

*Letibales gustasse Cibos, mora nulla, solutam  
Dimittit Portam, primumque ulciscitur idum.*

*His ita dispositis, pendentem protinus Hamum  
Induit Insidiis Taffi, exitiosaque Murs  
Ipsa Alimenta facit, sed quo fragrantior esset  
Caseus, & Murem invitaret longius, Escam  
Fatalem torret Flammis, vinque addit Odori.*

*Et jam Nox memoranda aderat, cum fessa cubili  
Membra levans Taffi, juxta pulvinat amicam  
Muscipulam statuit, fidaque Satellite tutus  
Indulsiit facili Somno. Gens improba, Mures  
Lascivi interea exiliunt, Noctisque silentis  
Præsidio confisi errant; tum Naribus Acer  
Mus quidam, Dux eximus, Diis natus iniquis,*

*Castra*



Which pendulously wantons here and there,  
 And at the slightest Touch plays loose in Air.  
 The lower Part a Hook, portending Fate,  
 But flesh'd and brib'd with an alluring Bait:  
 The upper Part does treacherously seem  
 To bite with Iron Tooth th' extreamest Beam;  
 But soon as she has felt the nibbling Foe,  
 She drops her Hold, and lets the Portal go:  
 There, without Bail or Main-prize, or Relief,  
 She shops for Life (too short!) the greedy Thief.  
 Thus far has TAPHY play'd the Builder's Part,  
 A Pile erected by the Rules of Art.  
 But now to furnish his enchanted House,  
 And kill with Kindness the devoted Mouse;  
 In Flames he fortifies the scented Bait,  
 And loads the cheating Hook with luscious Fate.

And now was come the memorable Night,  
 Design'd to do the suffering *Cambrians* Right.  
 Down on his Bed undaunted TAPHY lay,  
 And in soft Slumbers, lost the Toils of Day;  
 The friendly Engine near his Pillow kept  
 A faithful Guard, while the bold Hero slept.  
 Mean time the Mice, a frisking Nation play'd,  
 Protected by the Night's officious Shade.  
 A Mouse of high Degree did first expose  
 His valiant Life in Quest of Prey, and Foes,  
 Of sharpest Teeth, and most sagacious Nose.  
 But vain's our Courage, if a luckless Sign  
 With Beams malignant on our Cradle shine;  
 Or if a Mouse of hopeful Parts be torn,  
*Grimalkin's* Victim, and a *Welshman's* Scorn.

Up strait the Leader march'd, his Prey to seize;  
 For to his Nostrils some auspicious Breeze  
 Had borne the grateful Scent of toasted Cheese.  
 But wiry Pallisades impeach his Way,  
 And the first Onset of his Fury stay,  
 Yet his great Soul a vile Repulse disdain,  
 And double Vigour from Resistance gains;

With

# 110 MUSCIPULA.

*Castra inimica petit, quo grato Flamine tostus  
Caseus allexit. Venienti primia resistunt  
Clatbra, aditumq; negant: sed turpem ferre Repulsam  
Ille indignatus, Munimina ferrea circum  
Curstat, & crispas Nasum, introitumque sagaci  
Explorat Barbâ; jamque irremeabile Limen  
Ingressus, Votique potens, tristem arripit Escam,  
Exitumque vorat lætus, potiturque Ruinâ.*

*Taffi, exaudito Strepitu, quem pendula Porta  
Lapsa dedit, cubito erigitur Thalamoque triumphans  
Exilit, impatiens discendi, quis novus Hospes  
Venerat. Intereâ furit intus Ridiculus Mas,  
Et Fronte, & Pedibus pugnat, jamq; intervallis  
Clatbrorum Caput impingit, Ferrumque fatigat  
Dentibus insans. Sic olim in Retia Marsus  
Aëtus Aper, fremit horrendus, sinuosaque quassat  
Vincula, Luâibrium Catulis, diffusa per Armos  
It Spuma, arreæque rigent in Pectore setæ:  
Postera Lux oritur, decurrunt Montibus altis  
Præcípites Cambri, nam cunetas venit ad Aures  
Res nova; quippe A sinus, solitâ Gravitate remissâ,  
Et jam Pigritiæ oblitus, lascivior Hædo  
Ascendit Montem, quâ Cambrum, dissonus Ore,  
Præconem simulans, ter rauco Gulture rudens,*

# The Mouse-Trap. 111

With curling Nose and searching Beard explores  
 An Entrance at th' inexorable Doors,  
 Which upward held, the willing Guest admit  
 To taste his Ruin in the savoury Bit;  
 Then dropping downwards with a frightful Sound,  
 Th' unhappy Captain of the Mice surround.  
 The sudden Noise rous'd TAPHY from Repose,  
 Who at the Call of Victory arose:  
 He burns impatiently to know, and learn  
 This new Adventure of a high Concern.  
 Mean time the Mouse, his Conquest, raves within,  
 And bounces in th' irrefragable Gin.  
 New to his Prison, and new fashion'd Hold,  
 He fumes and stamps, like BAJAZET of old.  
 His Head against the slender Bars he beats,  
 And with mad Teeth th' impassive Iron eats:  
 So when a Hunter toils a *Marsian* Boar,  
 The Woods rebellow with his hideous Roar;  
 The Youth around his idle Tusks deride,  
 The Sport of Mastiff, who afflict his Side:  
 His useless Foam he on his Shoulders throws,  
 And on his Back a bristly Forest grows.  
 The Morning Sun discovers to the Sight  
 The Triumphs of the TRAP, and silent Night.  
 From their steep Mountains the swift *Cambrians* run,  
 And with Huzza's proclaim the Battle won.  
 The Ass, an Enemy to Toil and Pain,  
 Had chang'd his Nature to a merry Vein:  
 Frisk'd like a Kid, and like a Lambkin play'd,  
 And thrice the publick Joy he loudly bray'd:  
 Thee, TAPHY, thrice he roars to Hills around,  
 Thee, TAPHY, thrice the echoing Hills resound.  
 The hooting Owl (since that auspicious Time  
 Declar'd the *Herald* of the *Cambrian* Clime)  
 All Night through open Streets and Cities flew,  
 And his presaging Beak against the Windows threw:  
 Loudly he rang from his unluckly Throat  
 The Captive's fatal Knell with dismal Note.

The



*Te celebrat, Taffi, ter publica narrat Amicis  
Gaudia. Bubo etiam (Cambrorum dictus ab illo  
Tempore Legatus) per compila ubique, per Urbes,  
Totâ Nocte errans, Rostrum ferale Fenestris  
Stridulus impexit, cecinitq; instantia Muri  
Funera. Parturiâ Montes; atque agmine denso  
Penbrochiæ multus ruit incola, Meruiniæ que,  
Quique tenent Bonium, & Mariduni Mædia Vate  
Inclita Merlino; veniunt sæcunda Glamorgan  
Quos alit, & Vagæ potor, rigidusque Colonus  
Gomerici Montis. Tum, circumstante Coronâ,  
Illudit capto Taffi, iratumque laceffens,  
“ Nequicquam lucteris, (ait) damnaberis Aræ  
“ Victima prima meæ, memorique hæc Limina tinges  
“ Sangune; Spes nulla est, retrò fugientibus obstans  
“ Non exorandi Postes: Dabis, improbe, Pænas  
“ Pro Meritis, Vitamque simul cum Carcere linques.*

*Vix ea fatus erat, cû Ludicra Felis apicro  
Culmine defiliit Tecti, quò sæpe solebat,  
Cruribus extensus, molli languescere Luxu.  
Aspicit instantem Captivus, & erigit Aures,  
Gibbosoque riget Tergo, nec Limen apertum  
Jam tentare audei, sed in ipso Carcere solam  
Spem Libertatis ponens, sua Vincula prensat  
Unguibus hamatis, Pedibusque tenacibus hæret.  
Excutitur lamen; & Felis rapidissima Prædæ  
Involat, & frustrâ luctantem evadere sævo  
Implicat Amplexu, crudeliaque Oscula figit.  
Nulla datur Requies; agili Sinuamine Caudæ  
Gaudia testatur Victrix, & flexile Corpus  
Lascivo versans Saltu, modò Corpore pronò  
Attentè invigilat Muri, modò Colla benignis  
Unguiculis levitè palpan, mentitur Amorem  
Dum lacerare parat; variâ sic arte jocosam  
Barbariem exercet, lepidâque Tyrannide ludit.*

*The Mouse-Trap.* U M 113

The Mountains travel, and from *Pembroke* come  
 A Clan of Tenants, from \* *Mervinia* some :  
 Some Colonies from † *Maridunum* throng,  
 Renown'd for MERLIN in the *British* Song.  
 With those who dwell nigh mitred *Bangor's* Walls,  
 And those, where *Vaga* into *Severn* falls ;  
 With those who climb *Montgomery's* steep Hill,  
 Or fruitful Vallies of *Glamorgan* till,  
 Then TAPHY with sacraſtic Voice exults,  
 And thus the raging little Slave insults:  
 " In vain, vile Caitiff, doſt thou tear and rend,  
 " And at the Bar of Deſtiny contend :  
 " In vain with ſtamping Feet and Teeth aſſail,  
 " Nor will thy boated Littlebeſts prevail.  
 " Remember now, thy Thefts and Plunders all  
 " Start up in Judgment, and for Vengeance call.  
 " In vain you ſeek juſt Punishment to fly,  
 " Thoſe Bars all Hopes of an Escape deny.  
 " No ! wicked Victim, thou art doom'd to bleed,  
 " And with thy Blood this Floor, this Altar feed ;  
 " And may all ravenous Mice, like thee ſucceed. }  
 He ſaid, and Puſs, who the Proceedings ſpy'd,  
 Leap'd from a neighb'ring Roof's warm ſunny Side,  
 Where ſhe was wont to baſk, and wear away  
 In Luxury and Eaſe a Summer's Day.  
 The captive Mouſe had kenn'd her from afar,  
 And now intent to ſhun the coming War,  
 He ſeeks no Flight, but more improv'd in Fears,  
 Bristles his crumpled Back, and pricks his Ears ;  
 To 'ſcape the ſtern devouring Mouſer's Jaws,  
 His Hope of Safety from his Priſon draws, }  
 And hugs his Fetters with tenacious Claws.  
 But all in vain ; for Puſs expecting lay  
 With nimble Feet to ſeize her panting Prey ;  
 On whom, when ſhaken from his Holds, ſhe flies,  
 And fixes cruel Kiſſes on her Prize.  
 She tells what ſecret Joys within prevail,  
 By wanton Motions of her twirling Tail.

I

Sometimes

\* *Merionethſhire.*

† *Carmarthen.*

# 114 M U S C I P U L A.

*At Nugis tandem defessa, nec amplius Inam  
Diffimulans, acuit Dentes, & more Leonis  
Impasti, incumbit Prædæ: Jam Pectore ab Imo  
Murmurat, & tremulas Artus, & sanguine sparsa  
Viscera dilaniat. Plebs circumfusa cruorem  
Invisum aspiciens, latis clamoribus implent  
Æthera; Clamoresq; Echo, Cambriæ Incola Terræ,  
Lata refert; resonant Plinlimmonis ardua Moles,  
Et Brechin, & Snowdon; Vicina ad Sidera fertur  
Plausus, & ingenti strepit Offæ Fossa Tumultu.*

*Tu, Taffi, æternum vires; tua Munera Cambri  
Nunc etiam celebrant, quotiesque revolvitur Annus,  
Te memorant; Patrium Gens grata tuetur Honorem,  
Festivoque ornat redolentia Tempora Porro.*

## F I N I S.



*The Mouse-Trap.* 115

Sometimes she, careless, on the Ground reclines,  
Still watchful on her Captive's dark Designs;  
Sometimes she paws his Neck, and licks his Face,  
And girds him with a barbarous Embrace:  
With sportive Cruelty, a subtle Taste,  
She acts the Tyrant in a Lover's Mask.

But now the merry Scene of Action's past,  
And, like an unfeeling Lionsess, at last,  
Tir'd with her wanton Play, and trifling Toil,  
She growls and grumbles o'er her trembling Spoils;  
And while his Bowels and his Limbs she rends,  
Loud Acclamation to the Clouds ascends.

*Eccbo*, the Tenant of the *Cambrian Hills*,  
With the repeated Shout the Cavern fills.

*Breebin*, and *Snowdon*, and *Plinlimmon's Mount*,  
And *Offa's Ditch* the various Toils recount:

Resound the Fortune of their Country's Wars,  
Their slaughter'd Tyrant, and their finish'd Jars,  
And bear the Triumph to the neighb'ring Stars.

But thou, O *TAPHY*, in my Verse shalt live  
The long Eternity which Poets give.

The *Welch* with annual Joy preserve thy Fame,  
Thou brightest Honour of the *Cambrian Name*!

Thy Country does with Gratitude o'erflow,  
And tho' no conquering Bays she can bestow,  
Yet fragrant *Leeks* shall for thy Brows instead of  
*Laurel* grow.

*F I N I S.*

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